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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Diary of a March through Sind and Afghanistan, with the Troops under the Command of General Sir William Nott, K.C.B., &c., and Sermons delivered on various occasions during the Campaign of 1842. By the Rev. I. N. Allen, B.A., Assistant Chaplain on the Hon. E. I. C.'s Bombay Establishment. Pp. 468. London, Hatchards.

The man of war and the man of peace are so whimsically mixed up in this volume, that even after all we have read of the late Afghan campaigns, it has come over us with an air of novelty quite refreshing, where we anticipated little else than repetition. There is a naturalness about our Chaplain, too, which adds considerably to the treat. His original timidity, we must not call it cowardice for reasons quoted hereafter, advances so gradually into firmness, and becomes at last so absolutely courageous, that we are inclined to think, had the struggle continued, he would soon have been seen (at any rate, when there was least danger there) in the front ranks, or with the light infantry skirmishers, peppering away at the enemy instead of merely praying for their defeat: for—

"Who should study to prefer a pean,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?"

But we will not detain readers from this mingled yarn of fighting and sermonising (though we leave the five discourses, not like the military affairs, without Review), and proceed at once on the march with our gallant leader. The Rev. I. N. Allen, Bachelor of Arts, landed in Bombay in April 1841, and was immediately ipromoted to join the force under Gen. England in Sind, whether he went; and of which country, as far as he saw it, he gives an account, and a sketch preliminary, as well, of the Douraune empire. These, however, need not detain us from his personal narrative and more active march into Afghanistan, and his exploits in various sorts of service. Wearing spectacles, and mounted on a camel (having nine of these animals to carry him and his "kit"), it may be conceived that the, as the issue will shew properly so called, Assistant-Chaplain made a rather formidable appearance. Yet, as beffited his profession, he relied more firmly on a stronger arm than his own, and when he has got through the Bolan Pass he writes—

"After leaving this defile, we emerged into a wide plain, which the Patans call Dusht-i-Bedoulut (plain of poverty), from its want of water; we had, however, brought a supply with us, and after dining, I retired to rest, truly grateful that the day had passed without bloodshed; and feeling that our unmolested passage was a merciful answer to the prayers offered up in the morning. It was a perfectly still night, but intensely cold. On the 15th of March we travelled sixteen miles, through a plain covered with southerwood, to Sir-i-ab. The air was very sharp, and the puddles, as we passed them, were covered with ice. The southerwood is found, apparently, all over Afghanistan, and appears to divide the empire with the jirwassae, or camel-thorn; the canels, and even horses and other cattle, browse upon it; this was the

first I had met with, and the fragrance of it was very grateful, though almost overpowering."

At Kwtta, the division thought to settle awhile, but was ordered onward to join Gen. Nott; and here the Chaplain's array of camels was reduced to three for his own use and one to carry his clerical vestments. The Khojuk Pass and the Afghans lay before them; and thus the "I pray for all," of the Five Alls, was well represented by Mr. Allen, whilst the "I fight for all" was upheld by every officer and soldier of the camp. Of which, by the way, we may quote a picturesque description.

"In the extreme background were the heights of the Khojuk range, upon which the enemy's watch-fires were just beginning to twinkle. In the foreground, amidst clumps of bushes, were the general and his staff, surrounded by the picturesqueness dresses, taper spears, and quivering pennons of the shah's cavalry and Skinner's horse, and the neat and elegant light-grey uniform of our own cavalry. The intermediate space was occupied by a dense mass of thousands of camels, with every kind of load, and in every imaginable variety of attitude and position; camp-followers of every description; horsemen galloping and at fro on the flank; and the evening breeze wafted the din of human voices in various tongues, the sounds of dogs, bullocks, camels, and asses—all mingling together in a confused hubbub. Amongst other objects, adding to the effect of the scene, was a troop of retainers of a son of Guddoo Khan, who had fallen in our service between Ghuznee and Khelat-i-ghilgie, 'faithful found among the faithless.' These men were well mounted, and handsomely dressed, and by the variety of their costume relieved the masses of cavalry; the chief himself, in crimson and silver, with a large white puggeree, was mounted on a stout Herat horse, the bridle and head-gear of which were richly decorated with silver scales, manufactured, he told us, at Kandahar. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with a jet-black beard and piercing dark eyes. Between the horse's ears was fixed a little apparatus of silver, like the small candlestick used for sealing letters. This, he said, was to hold a light; I suppose to ignite the match of his matchlock in war, and his pipe in peace. No one who has not witnessed it can conceive the unique and picturesque appearance of the line of march of an Indian army. The masses of men and animals strongly reminded me at this moment of Danby's splendid painting of the passage of the Red Sea. As we moved slowly on, it grew dark, or rather starlight; and I became very sleepy. A halt was sounded, that the rear might close up; and I dismounted, wrapped myself in my cloak, lay on the ground, and had an hour's sound sleep. Happily, man is so constituted, that he speedily adapts himself to change of circumstances! I thought neither of rheumatism, fever, nor snakes; all of which would probably have troubled my mind a few months ago. On we went again."

And on we, too, go to Kandahar, and thence set out for Ghuznee and Kabul; anticipating something of sharpish work, during which our really devout and well-intentioned author informs us:—

"At 5 p.m. I celebrated divine service in the mess-tent of H. M. 40th regiment, for such as chose to attend. This service I was enabled to conduct, throughout the expedition, with very few interruptions; and it was generally the only service we had, for we always marched on Sunday mornings, and it was impossible to assemble the men in the open air in the after-parts of the day. It was tolerably well attended, but not so well as it might and ought to have been. It was a cause of great regret to me, though not of surprise, that I never could get any non-commissioned officers or privates to attend this voluntary service. They were fatigued by the march—many were ordered for picket duty—and, above all, there were no means of giving them seats."—

"About half-past eight A.M., we arrived at our encamping-ground at Oba, and I hoped after breakfast for a little quiet, and divine service at five p.m., as on Sunday last; but very different was the fate that awaited us. Finding that the country had risen, and that we were not to expect any forage by fair means, I sent a camel, with a camel-man and horse-keeper, to join the foraging party, at about half-past twelve p.m. They had not been long gone when there came a report that the enemy were in great force in our neighbourhood, and I sent a man in all haste to recall them. A little while after, Colonel Maclarens, of the 16th Bengal N. I., rode up hastily to the general's tent, and in a hurried voice exclaimed that the body of our cavalry were destroyed, and he feared scarcely a remnant would be able to return. I overheard this, as my tent was opposite, and started up astounded; for I had no idea that the cavalry were out, and though I had heard some firing, had concluded it was an attack on the grazing guard. I ordered my horse, and while he was saddling, breathed an earnest prayer to God that matters might not be found so bad as was reported."

Some noble fellows were, however, slain in this action; and their fate is religiously deplored:—"Two finer men and more gallant soldiers than Reeves and Bury I have seldom seen, combining in their characters all that was gentlemanlike, kind, and excellent. By Reeves' death particularly (whom I knew the best), I lost an acquaintance whom I highly valued. He had such sweetness of temper, that to know and to love him was the same thing. He was one of the most constant attendants of my Sunday congregation."

Their death was fearfully avenged:—"The cavalry, with Leslie's guns to reinforce them, again advanced over the hills to recover the bodies of their killed; while we turned with the infantry, Captain Blood's nine-pounders, and Captain Anderson's six-pounders, to the fort from which the attack on the grasscutters was said to have been made. It was rather large, and with three towers within. As we approached, several unarmed people came out to meet us with supplicating gestures, and pleaded that their village had no share in the matter. The general listened to their tale, told them to remain quiet, and ordered Captain F. White, with the light company of H. M. 40th regiment, to proceed and examine the fort, and

ascertain whether there were any evidences of their having taken a part in the affair. As they approached the gate, accompanied by Major Leech to act as interpreter, the infatuated wretches, though they had professed to surrender, discharged a volley of matchlock-balls at the company, one of which very nearly killed the major. The men upon this rushed in; the light company of H. M. 41st, another company of H. M. 40th, under Captain Neild, and some light companies from the native corps, were ordered to support Captain White; they had been enraged by the previous events of the morning, and one of those painful scenes ensued, which are more or less common to all warfare, and which, I fear, under such circumstances, it is almost impossible to prevent. The fort was found full of people, and all armed and resisting. Every door was forced; every man that could be found was slaughtered; they were pursued from yard to yard, from tower to tower, and very few escaped. A crowd of wretched women and children were turned out, one or two wounded in the mêlée. I never saw more squalid and miserable objects. One door, which they refused to open upon summons, was blown in by a six-pounder, and every soul bayoneted. At this time I was with the general's staff, very near the walls; and some said the volley of balls fired on the company passed close over us; but if it were so, I was too intent on the fort to notice them. I drew gradually nearer and nearer, till at length, curiosity prevailing over prudence, I entered it. Seldom, I apprehend, has a clergyman looked on such a scene. Destruction was going on in every form—dead bodies were lying here and there—sepoy and followers were dragging out sheep, goats, oxen, and goods (a string of our camels, with the commissariat brand upon them, led out of a walled enclosure, clearly proved the falsehood of the assertion that the inmates were not parties to the attack)—European and native soldiers were breaking open doors where they supposed any thing might be concealed—and every now and then the discharge of a fire-lock proclaimed the discovery of a concealed victim, while the curling blue smoke, and crackling sound from the buildings, indicated that the fire was destined to devour what the sword had spared. The bugles sounded, and I retired from this painful spectacle." "But the sorrows of this dismal day were not yet over; there remained the melancholy office of committing our poor friends to the grave; we were to march in the morning, and it could not be delayed. It was desirable also that the spot should be carefully concealed, as the Afghans frequently dug up and cast from their graves the bodies of Feringhees. It was dug in the inside of a tent, and at half-past ten P.M. they were laid side by side; the earth was made perfectly smooth, and a quantity of bhooso burnt over the place to give it the appearance of a watch-fire having been there. As many of their friends as could be got together were assembled, and as we proceeded silently down the cavalry lines, for we were too much oppressed by sorrow at such a blank in the corps to speak even in whispers, the accordance of almost every feature in the scene with Wolfe's beautiful Elegy on Sir John Moore, struck me forcibly. No sound was heard but the slow footfall of the party—"we spoke not a word of sorrow." A single lantern pointed out the path, and the moon was just rising dim and sickly through the mists on the horizon; 'no useless coffin confined their breasts,' for the mangled remains were wrapt in their bedding; and as the solemn service proceeded, we could hear in

the distance an occasional shot from the pickets. We 'bitterly thought on the morrow' indeed, for we were to leave our gallant comrades, unrecorded except in the memories of those who loved them, and with the strong and painful probability that they would not be suffered to 'sleep on in the grave where Briton had laid them.' Oh, what a day! Could my friends at home realise it,* surely they would prize more highly their peaceful Sabbath blessings. It was now nearly midnight. I threw myself on my bed, and obtained that oblivion of sorrow in sleep, which a gracious God is pleased to grant, even in the midst of such scenes of excitement."

Now began his courage, as we hinted in our exordium, to get roused by custom, and in the midst of the next skirmish he tells us:—"I could not persuade myself to remain in camp while all this was going on; having, perhaps 'in the naughtiness of my heart,' as was Eliab's charge against David, a strong desire to see the battle, as well as a hope that I might possibly be of use; and feeling also that, with an enemy of whose force and position we knew so little, the field was likely to be quite as safe as the camp!"

He advances and joins an observing party, when, "suddenly, whiz came a round shot just over our heads, followed in instant succession by another; both pitched about fifty paces in our rear, and the ricochet carried them over the 16th regiment N. I. It is impossible to describe the effect they produced; it was utterly unexpected, for we had been assured that the guns had been taken to Mookoor, and I fancy very few who were there had ever been under the fire of round shot before." Upon which he very naively remarks:—"None but those who have experienced it can conceive how immense is the difference between watching the practice of your own guns against the enemy, and that of the enemy's against you! People at home think the effect of two trains on the railroad passing each other at speed somewhat startling; and so it is; but I can assure them it is nothing to the thrill excited by one of these iron missiles whirring over your head, when you know that there is no tram-road to protect you from collision. I am not naturally nervous, but am constrained to confess that the first discharge produced an effect like that of an electric shock, which seemed to vibrate from the crown of my head to my toes; and though I became more used to them afterwards, I never bowed with such profound reverence to any one in my life as to these gentlemen."

This profound respect for balls seems to have lasted a little while; for on the next affair we are told that the enemy's "fire was evidently too high, and passed over the heads of the line; but the balls fell thickly enough, as I can testify from experience a few paces in the rear." The rear, however, did not turn out to be quite so safe, as the Afghan cavalry rushed out of a fort left behind, to cut off stragglers. "My dear fellow," I said to my wounded friend, 'we must be gone sharply, or we shall certainly be cut off.' He got into the doolie, and I sent the horse-keeper to run ahead, and urged the bearers to the utmost speed, trotting my horse alongside of them, and speeding them both with hand and voice. By God's good Providence these men were not so adventurous as I expected; and when we began to get near the regiment, they reined up and drew off. When

we got up, the affair was at its height; the fire of the light companies was spirited, nor was that of the enemy inferior in spirit, though they still fired high. The balls were singing around us with their shrill, mosquito-like sound, and gouging up the ground on every side. These were spent balls, otherwise they pass by with a kind of 'phit!'"

Enough, one should imagine, to throw a non-belligerent parson into fits; but the effect was of a higher and better kind:—"Reflecting upon the fearful slaughter that would probably ensue to both sides from the siege or storm of Ghuznee, I determined to make it a special object of prayer to God, that he would be pleased, in his mercy, to order events in such a way as might avert so fearful a calamity. The effects of poor Bury and Reeves were sold this day. These are always melancholy occasions to a reflecting mind. Abroad as at home, there is something so revolting in hearing the auction-room jokes and unfeeling remarks occasionally passed upon the property of those whom one knew and regarded, when hardly yet cold in their graves, that, were not the things that are offered for sale often really wanted in the wear and tear of a campaign, I would always willingly avoid attending them."

At length they encamped before Ghuznee; and another big-gun practice renews the worthy chaplain's apprehensions.

"We went to breakfast, and, as we imagined, in quiet; but how vain the hope! Just as I was going to the mess-tent of H. M. 40th, the most astounding report struck my ear, and whirr! whirr! whirr! came an enormous shot over the top of the mess-tent; it pitched among some camels, wounded one or two, and was carried by its ricochet over H. M. 41st mess-tent, in rear, where it killed another camel. It was a message from Zubber Jung himself; and when we were just recovering from the effect produced, whizz! came another in the same direction. We started up—for few felt any further appetite for breakfast—and rushed out. Instant orders were given to remove the camp; and as we had understood that he was fired in one direction, which could not be changed, some walked up the main street, and fancied themselves safe,—alas! in vain. One of the shots had been found, and carried to the front of the general's tent; and a large body of officers were collected to view this immense mass of hammered iron, weighing above fifty pounds. We soon had fearful evidence that the group was conspicuous enough to Zubber Jung and his friends; for, after a longer pause than usual, in order to bring him round, whizz came a shot right over the general's tent, and rebounding, passed through the fly of the tent of Capt. Bulton, 2d regiment N. I., in the rear. It is impossible to describe the horror, which seemed universal, at the really awful noise of these enormous shot, as they flew over our heads; and every one hurried towards the hills, where we hoped to be out of their reach. While the camp was moving, which occupied about three hours, a dense mass of camels and human beings was huddled together, into which they kept blazing at intervals, differing from ten to thirty minutes, throwing up clouds of dust; and yet—though it seemed impossible but that every ricochet must destroy multitudes, and though our friends, who were in possession of the hills, and witnessed it, dreaded to hear the amount of casualties, such was the goodness of God to us, that we only lost four or five camels killed or wounded—not a single man was touched."—"I went to bed, earnestly repeating my supplications that the storming of the town

* What a vile Americanism for an English B.A.—
Ed. Z. G.

night be averted; though I confess I was almost in despair, not seeing how it could be avoided."

The prayer was effectual; Ghuznee was evicted, and the monster gun taken. And with this we might conclude, but that two or three further observations press themselves upon our notice. The undoubted piety of the writer is visible throughout, and his firm belief in the efficacy of his prayers in the midst of the scenes of bloodshed and devastation partly shadowed forth in our extracts. But how curious it is to see how differently we view the conduct of others and our own!—

"I was told, as I rode along, that the owners of many forts as near each other as these, had blood feuds of generations' standing, and that the males watched in turn on the walls from day to day, to get a shot at each other, while they sent out the women, whose persons are respected, to fetch in what was required. What a dreadful state of society!"—"Poor wretched people! nurtured amidst blood, and broils, and distraction,—when shall a happier state of things dawn upon them by the introduction of the gospel of peace!"

Now observe, this is from the mouth and pen of a Christian minister professing the gospel of peace, and zealously inculcating it upon an armed band of Christians, who are invading the country, and obliged to commit all the acts of devastation and slaughter which he has recorded. Such sentiments in juxtaposition with such details out-satirise all satire!

We are surprised in another part to find him paint the treacherous bloodthirsty ruffian Ackbar Khan as a perfect Roustan or oriental hero:—"The character of Ackbar Khan rose higher the more one heard of him. He appears to be in humanity and courtesy far in advance of the generosity of his countrymen."

But we have done; reserving one sad exhibition to close the scene in our next No.

RAIMBACH'S MEMOIRS.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

Both Wilkie and Raimbach were elected foreign corresponding members of the Institute of France—in honour which the latter (and, we believe, also the former) very highly prized. He says:—

"To shew that being thus noticed was no slight compliment, there needs but a glance at the names of the distinguished men of every country in Europe, which form the annually published list of this unequalled assemblage of art, science, and philosophy. Of English artists admitted into this association, are Wilkie, Cockell, and Donaldson; while, on the other hand, not even a single instance can be quoted in which our Royal Academicians have ever manifested an honorary recognition of foreign contemporary talent. Invidious contrast! not less mortifying than discreditable, that our academy sals should not only never have been graced by the names of such men as Canova, Thorwaldsen, Gérard, and Morghen, but that the courtesy of an advantageous place in our exhibition has been almost invariably refused to the works of foreign artists, and, in many instances, their pictures of at least average merit rejected altogether: a system of mean and narrow exclusiveness, that would well warrant the application of the line of the French satirist—*Nul n'aura de l'esprit hors nous et nos amis!*—Boileau. Many such occurrences might be quoted; but the following, one of the most recent, will sufficiently illustrate this dominant and invidious conduct:—In the first year's ex-

hibition in their new apartments in Trafalgar Square (1837), a picture of cabinet size was presented for admission by M. Gudin, the French marine-painter, and was at first refused; but, on the indignant remonstrance of more than one academician on the discredit which such a proceeding towards an eminent foreigner would reflect on their society, it was afterwards admitted, but only on condition that one of the remonstrators (Mr. W. Daniell) should withdraw one of his own pictures already received, of similar dimensions. The condition was at once acceded to by Mr. W. Daniell, and rigidly enforced by the academy, who justified this harsh proceeding on the plea of want of sufficient space in their rooms for works of superior claims. It required, however, but little critical knowledge to perceive, at a glance over the exhibition, that Gudin's *La Détresse*, as his picture was named, possessed more interest in its subject, a shipwreck, and displayed more talent in its execution, than scores of the gay works which surrounded it. During my stay in Paris, in 1824, one of the chief attractions was the *Salon*, as the collection of works of living artists is called; and it was highly gratifying to observe the sensation produced by Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures, two of which (portraits of the Duc de Richelieu and of Mrs. Harford) he had sent for exhibition."

After Wilkie's several years' tour in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Spain, for the recovery of his shattered health, he "resumed his system of having engravings made from his works; and having obtained the loan of the picture of Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of Waterloo from the Duke of Wellington, and that of the Parish Beadle from Mr. Ridley Colborne (now Lord Colborne), proceeded to put them in hand forthwith. The Chelsea Pensioners, engraved on a large scale, would of course be a long and laborious undertaking, and after maturely considering the various circumstances of the necessity of uniting in the enterprise with the print-sellers, Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, I was induced to decline the offer, preferring to accept from the same firm the commission of engraving the Parish Beadle, at the price of sixteen hundred guineas. Neither of these subjects proved successful as speculations, I believe, notwithstanding the advantageous means possessed by the publishers of extensive circulation, or, according to the mercantile phrase, of 'forcing a sale,' both at home and abroad. Before the completion of my plate, I had some reason to fear that the firm, now fallen into embarrassments, together with the secession of the principal partner, Moon, might prevent the fulfilment of their engagement to me; but, after a good deal of delay, and by their having fortunately found a monied partner in Mr. Richard Hodgson, I was honourably paid the whole amount of the sum agreed on for my engraving."—"After the completion of the engraving of the Parish Beadle, and having no immediate expectation of another professional engagement, I set doggedly to work in repairing the plates of Village Politicians, the Rent-Day, and Blindman's Buff, which had printed, particularly the two former, a large number of impressions, and were now running to almost cureless ruin. This necessarily occupied a considerable time, and in no very agreeable way; but it was time and labour well bestowed, inasmuch as the popularity of the subjects was not exhausted, and the sale of the prints, though small, did not cease altogether; while the plates, being brought to a sound and serviceable state, were rendered capable of producing a great many more im-

pressions of at least a decent appearance; to restore them to their pristine bloom and vigour was quite out of the question. In the year 1834, Mr. Wilkie painted for Sir William Knighton the picture of the Spanish Mother, and a proposition was made to me, and accepted, that I should execute an engraving from it. Sir Williams was a great favourite with George IV., and held an office in the household. His intimacy with Wilkie arose from the attendance of the latter occasionally at the palace, in obedience to the royal command, and which ultimately led to the placing the present baronet, Sir W. Wellesley Knighton, as a pupil with Wilkie, though of course not with any view of his following it up by professional practice. On the completion of the plate, a negotiation was entered into for the purchase of it by Moon, the print-seller, and also by Hodgson and Graves, which finally terminated in the disposal of it to the former, at the price of seven hundred and fifty guineas, which he honourably paid before its publication in 1836. Notwithstanding some degree of novelty in the subject, as regards the usual class of Wilkie's pictures selected for engraving, and the exercise of the various means by which the dealers are thought to be able to promote a sale of their own publications, the Spanish Mother did not meet with the favourable reception as a print that was expected by the adventurous speculator. Probably the inadequacy of my execution was a main cause of its ill-success; but however that might be (and I certainly do not mean, nor would it become me, to dispute it), I think there were other causes in action about this time that may have contributed to this comparative failure. For the long term of more than twenty years the prints from Wilkie's pictures had enjoyed an almost unprecedented popularity; and it can scarcely be held as a matter of reproach to the public if, after so long a period of favour in one direction, the desire of some sort of change of object should be entertained. The great talents of Edwin Landseer had been already well appreciated, when his picture of the Monks of Bolton Abbey appeared, and placed his reputation on a still higher elevation. Seconded by Cousins's admirable mezzotinto from it, there followed a rush in the track thus so auspiciously commenced, and the new lights (as in Aladdin's lamp) were preferred to the old. However this state of matters may continue for a time, the sterling qualities of Wilkie are sure, in the long-run, to establish themselves in permanent supremacy in his department of art. Another and very important cause for the change that had come over the fortunes of the good old legitimate art of line-engraving should not pass unnoticed; namely, the enormous sums now for the first time exacted by the painters under the claim of copyright; a claim, however founded, hitherto left in abeyance at least, if not considered altogether abandoned. The print-sellers, in yielding to these claims, sought to indemnify themselves by adopting a more expeditious and lower-priced mode of engraving (mezzotinto), and which, being also executed on steel, enabled them, by printing much longer numbers than copper-plates will produce, to obtain their usual regular profits. As far as I am aware, this claim of copyright in pictures has only been put forward recently, and is not unlikely to become a *questio vexata* between the painters and their patrons, whenever one of the latter shall feel disposed to stand upon his hitherto unquestioned power in these matters of doing what he likes with his own. A noble lord, a

great collector of the modern as well as of the old masters, was desirous of befriending a young engraver of talent, by allowing him to make an engraving from a picture in his gallery; when the painter, hearing of the circumstance, interferred and prevented the fulfilment of his lordship's benevolent intention, the patron being unwilling to enter into a contest on the subject. How far the painter's claim may be ultimately established is not to be predicted; but, in my opinion, it will scarcely survive the first collision it might have to encounter in a court of law. Be that as it may, the policy of the painter's proceedings may well admit of a doubt. The patronage of the fine arts is a plant of too sensitive a nature to bear the rude touch of legal discussion; and many gentlemen well inclined to foster and encourage genius, would perhaps rather forego their inclination than indulge it, coupled with the chance of a lawsuit, if resolved to maintain the ordinary privileges identified with property. At all events, the artist should distinctly make known to the purchaser the conditions with which his picture is encumbered before the bargain is completed, to the end that the unsuspecting *Mæcenas* may not have just reason to complain of uncandid, if not dishonourable, dealing, when, after years of possession, the claim of copyright is put forward. Another form in which this claim has been urged is, that the proprietor of the picture, having given up the copyright to the painter, thereby precludes himself from the power of bestowing the privilege to any other person at a future time. Although perhaps less presumptuous than the first mode, this has been in two or three instances somewhat contemptuously resisted."—"To the introduction of steel-engraving, by multiplying almost indefinitely the number of impressions each plate would produce, may in a great degree be attributed the decline and debasement of the art, exercised on a small scale. The embellishments of books are no longer what they have been; and the recent discovery and application of the electrotype bids fair to effect similar results as regards works of a large size. This most ingenious process has the power of reproducing, and at a comparatively small expense, any number of facsimiles of the original plate, so perfect as not to be distinguishable from it, whereby an indefinite amount of prints, all equally good, may be taken from them, consequently greatly lessening the value of the aggregate, and destroying, at the same time, root and branch, the long-established system of proofs and early impressions, which contributed so much to the advantage and respectability of the profession, by holding out inducements to connoisseurs and lovers of rarity, to form collections of choice exemplars. The electrotype has not yet been brought into full activity, nor indeed can it ever be, unless by the discovery of some means of effecting a prodigious increase and multiplication of print-buyers, a task of great difficulty, if we may form our judgment upon the very slow progress that has hitherto been made in the dissemination and cultivation of a taste for the fine arts among the bulk of the population in this country. It is certain that on the continent—in France, in Holland, in Italy, in Germany—the masses of the people shew more feeling for these matters; and the feeling is more widely diffused than is found in the same classes in England, notwithstanding our establishments of the Royal Academy and the Society for the Encouragement of Art have now existed full three quarters of a century. It would almost seem as if the state of the fine

arts (stationary, if not retrograde) in this country, is considered as a national reproach, seeing the extraordinary efforts making every where in the formation of societies, and schemes of various kinds for their encouragement and improvement. Most of the great towns and some of the smaller have their Art-Union; and the prodigious success of that in London would augur well for its object, were it not shrewdly suspected that a very large proportion of its eleven thousand members (1842) are stimulated rather by the lottery which forms the basis of its plan, than by a worthier and more legitimate motive. And even should art-unions become as numerous in the land as are dispensaries for the poor, it may still be doubted whether this forcing system is best adapted to produce the results that are looked forward to. A more dignified effort for the same object is, that making by the government in their appointment of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, with Prince Albert at the head, to consider how far the embellishment of the new houses of parliament may be made auxiliary to the progress and cultivation of the higher walks of art. This committee, constituted as it is, will certainly feel bound to do something that shall look, at least, like encouragement. They have begun with great spirit, and the munificent premiums already announced leave nothing to be desired on the score of liberality of offer; it remains to be seen how far it will be responded to by a proportionate display of zeal and talent on the part of the painters, who must now cease their long-continued complaint of the want of government-patronage for the higher branches of art."

Coming from so experienced an individual, and one so clear of head and honest of heart, we cannot but think that the opinions respecting various important questions touching the fine arts which we have quoted are eminently entitled to the public consideration; and we have therefore trespassed on our bounds to insert them. We have consequently left ourselves room for only a short winding-up, previous to which, we must give a picture of Greenwich, to which Mr. R. retired some years ago, and where he died in January last, in his 67th year. It is not flattering; and it may be as fortunate for the sitters that it is only described, and not engraved.

"With some of the advantages of a country retreat, this place has pre-eminently many of the inconveniences of a retirement from London, more especially when that retirement is only to a short distance from the metropolis. The delicious purity and sweetness of the air of Greenwich Park, Blackheath, and the neighbouring villages, forms a principal, and certainly a very important, item in the list of benefits; to which may be added, its comparative quietude and stillness, without losing a facility, cheapness, and rapidity of communication with the great centre of the civilised world, that renders it almost identical with an actual residence in the suburbs. On the other hand, among its drawbacks may be numbered the serious one of greater expensiveness of living, all articles of housekeeping being invariably at a higher price—from ten to twenty per cent.—than in London, or than in the country properly so called. The absurd and ridiculous excess to which in private life the middle classes of England carry their notions of etiquette in regard to rank, station, and fortune, is displayed to a most amusing degree by the exclusives of Greenwich, where the *élite* of the population consists of tradesmen out of business, clerks in public offices, some members of

the Stock Exchange, of Lloyd's, of Mark Lane, together with the usual indigenous village master of law, physic, and divinity; concentrating, in a narrow space, all the less amiable characteristics of society, as it is called—vain, frivolous, intolerant, calumnious, overbearing! "Tis pleasant, through the loophole of retreat, To peep at such a world; to see the stir Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

These remarks, of a mere looker-on, though rather extraneous, may be excused as the spontaneous result of an experience of more than ten years' residence."

There are some very interesting letters as an Appendix, and especially from Mr. Uwins, R.A., when in Italy; and we have heard that many more, from foreign artists and other persons of note, have been received since the Memoir was printed. This we regret; but we trust that there may be a call for a published edition, and the world be gratified with it, including these and other additions.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF M. VIOLET.

[Second notice.]

AFTER the death of his father, M. Violet, otherwise Owato Wanisha (Spirit of the Beaver), on a hunting excursion, and his comrades Gabriel and Roche, were taken prisoners; and the account being illustrative of Indian doings, we copy it:—

"Of a sudden we were surrounded by a party of sixty Arrapahoes; of course, resistance or flight was useless. Our captors, however, treated us with honour, contenting themselves with watching us closely and preventing our escape. They knew who we were; and though my horse, saddle, and rifle, were in themselves a booty for any chief, nothing was taken from us. I addressed the chief, whom I knew:

"What have I done to the Morning Star of the Arrapahoes, that I should be taken and watched like a sheep of the Watchmangos? The chief smiled, and put his hand upon my shoulders. 'The Arrapahoes,' said he, 'love the young Owato Wanisha and his pale-faced brothers; for they are great warriors, and can beat their enemies with beautiful blue fires from the heavens. The Arrapahoes know all, they are a wise people. They will take Owato Wanisha to their own tribe, that he may show his skill to them, and make them warriors. He shall be fed with the fattest and sweetest dogs. He will become a great warrior among the Arrapahoes. So wish our prophets. I obey the will of the prophets and of the nation.' 'But,' answered I, 'my Manitou will not hear me if I am a slave. The pale-face Manitou has ears only for free warriors. He will not lend me his fires unless space and time be my own.' The chief interrupted me:—'Owato Wanisha is not a slave, nor can he be one. He is with his good friends, who will watch over him, light his fire, spread their fine blankets over his tent, and fill it with the best game of the prairie. His friends love the young chief; but he must not escape from them, else the evil spirit would make the young Arrapahoes drunk as a beastly Crow, and excite them in their folly to kill the pale-faces.' As nothing could be attempted for the present, we submitted to our fate, and were conducted by a long and dreary journey to the eastern shore of the Rio Colorado of the West, until at last we arrived at one of the numerous and beautiful villages of the Arrapahoes. There we passed the winter in a kind of honourable captivity. An attempt to escape would have been the signal of our death, or, at least, of a harsh cap-

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tivity. We were surrounded by vast sandy deserts, inhabited by the Clubs (*Pises*), a cruel people, some of them cannibals. Indeed, I may as well here observe, that most of the tribes inhabiting the Colorado are men-eaters, even including the Arrapahoes, on certain occasions. Once we fell in with a deserted camp of Clubmen; and there we found the remains of about twenty bodies, the bones of which had been picked with apparently as much relish as the wings of a pheasant would have been by a European epicure. This winter passed gloomily enough, and no wonder. Except a few beautiful groves, found here and there, like the oases in the sands of the Sahara, the whole country is horribly broken and barren. Forty miles above the Gulf of California the Colorado ceases to be navigable, and presents from its sources, for seven hundred miles, nothing but an uninterrupted series of noisy and tremendous cataracts, bordered on each side by a chain of perpendicular rocks five or six hundred feet high, while the country all around seems to have been shaken to its very centre by violent volcanic eruptions. Winter at length passed away; and with the first weeks of spring were renovated our hopes of escape. The Arrapahoes, relenting in their vigilance, went so far as to offer us to accompany them in an expedition eastward. To this, of course, we agreed, and entered very willingly upon the beautiful prairies of North Sonora. Fortune favoured us one day: the Arrapahoes, having followed a trail of Apaches and Mexicans, with an intent to surprise and destroy them, fell themselves into a snare, in which they were routed, and many perished.

They seize the opportunity, and escape with the victors, who turn out to be Santa Fé officers and an escort of Apaches. Here we are told of the wonderful purity of the air; of the mirages, which are attributed to reflection of a heated gas escaping from the earth, and not to refraction, as the adjacent trees are seen in their natural upright position; of the prairie-dog villages, and other peculiar extraordinary matters. The last-mentioned subject may be quoted, as shewing the colouring of the artist:

“The grass was of the curly mosquito species, the sweetest and most nutritious of all the different kinds of that grass, and the dogs never locate their towns or cities except where it grows in abundance, as it is their only food. We had proceeded but a short distance after reaching this beautiful prairie, before we came upon the outskirts of the commonwealth. A few scattered dogs were seen scampering in, and, by their short and sharp yelps, giving a general alarm to the whole community. The first cry of danger from the outskirts was soon taken up in the centre of the city, and now nothing was to be seen in any direction but a dashing and scampering of the mercurial and excitable citizens of the place each to his lodge or burrow. Far as the eye could reach was spread the city, and in every direction the scene was the same. We rode leisurely along, until we had reached the more thickly-settled portion of the city, when we halted, and after taking the bridles from our horses to allow them to graze, we prepared for a regular attack upon its inhabitants. The burrows were not more than fifteen yards apart, with well-trodden paths leading in different directions, and I even thought I could discover something like regularity in the laying out of the streets. We sat down upon a bank under the shade of a musquet-tree, and leisurely surveyed the scene before us. Our approach had driven every one in our immediate vicinity to his home;

but some hundred yards off, the small mound of earth in front of a burrow was each occupied by a dog sitting straight up on his hinder legs, and coolly looking about him to ascertain the cause of the recent commotion. Every now and then some citizen, more venturesome than his neighbour, would leave his lodge on a flying visit to a companion, apparently to exchange a few words, and then scamper back as fast as his legs would carry him. By and by, as we kept perfectly still, some of our nearer neighbours were seen cautiously poking their heads from out their holes and looking curiously, and at the same time inquisitively, about them. After some time, a dog would emerge from the entrance of his domicile, squat upon his looking-out place, shake his head, and commence yelping. For three hours we remained watching the movements of these animals, and occasionally picking one of them off with our rifles. No less than nine were obtained by the party. One circumstance I will mention as singular in the extreme, and which shews the social relationship which exists among these animals, as well as the regard they have for one another. One of them had perched himself directly upon the pile of earth in front of his hole, sitting up, and offering a fair mark, while a companion's head, too timid, perhaps, to expose himself farther, was seen poking out of the entrance. A well-directed shot carried away the entire top of the head of the first dog, and knocked him some two or three feet from his post, perfectly dead. While reloading, the other daringly came out, seized his companion by one of his legs, and before we could arrive at the hole, had drawn him completely out of reach, although we tried to twist him out with a ramrod. There was a feeling in this act—a something human, which raised the animals in my estimation; and never after did I attempt to kill one of them, except when driven by extreme hunger. The prairie dog is about the size of a rabbit, heavier perhaps, more compact, and with much shorter legs. In appearance it resembles the ground hog of the north, although a trifle smaller than that animal. In their habits, the prairie dogs are social, never live alone like other animals, but are always found in villages or large settlements. They are a wild, frolicsome set of fellows when undisturbed; restless, and ever on the move. They seem to take especial delight in chattering away the time, and visiting about, from hole to hole, to gossip and talk over one another's affairs; at least, so their actions would indicate. Old hunters say that when they find a good location for a village, and no water is handy, they dig a well to supply the wants of the community. On several occasions I have crept up close to one of their villages without being observed, that I might watch their movements. Directly in the centre of one of them, I particularly noticed a very large dog, sitting in front of his door, or entrance to his burrow; and, by his own actions and those of his neighbours, it really looked as though he was the president, mayor, or chief; at all events, he was the ‘big dog’ of the place. For at least an hour I watched the movements of this little community; during that time the large dog I have mentioned received at least a dozen visits from his fellow-dogs, who would stop and chat with him a few moments, and then run off to their domiciles. All this while he never left his post for a single minute; and I thought I could discover a gravity in his deportment, not discernible in those by whom he was addressed. Far be it from me to say that the visits he received were upon business, or having any thing

to do with the local government of the village; but it certainly appeared as if such was the case. If any animal is endowed with reasoning powers, or has any system of laws regulating the body politic, it is the prairie dog. In different parts of the village the members of it were seen gambolling, frisking, and visiting about, occasionally turning heels over head into their holes, and appearing to have all sorts of fun among themselves. Owls of a singular species were also seen among them; they did not appear to join in their sports in any way, but still seemed to be on good terms; and as they were constantly entering and coming out of the same holes, they might be considered as members of the same family, or at least guests. Rattlesnakes, too, dwell among them; but the idea generally received among the Mexicans, that they live upon terms of companionship with the dogs, is quite ridiculous, and without any foundation. The snakes I look upon as *loafers*, not easily shaken off by the regular inhabitants; and they make use of the dwellings of the dogs as more comfortable quarters than they could find elsewhere. We killed one a short distance from a burrow, which had made a meal of a little pup, although I do not think they can master full-grown dogs. This town, which we visited, was several miles in length, and at least a mile in width. Around and in the vicinity were smaller villages, suburbs to the town. We kindled a fire, and cooked three of the animals we had shot; the meat was exceedingly sweet, tender, and juicy, resembling that of the squirrel, only that there was more fat upon it.”

A savage story is related, by one of their Indian companions, of the death of a half-breed murderous villain, called Colonel Overton, who had settled some years before in Texas; and here, as every where else, the Texan colony is painted in the most detestable light, and as being little better than a den of thieves, deserted as soon as occupied by all honest men, who are seduced by falsehood to try their fortunes there.

Parting from their friends, our pale-faced Shoshones sought their way back to the settlement, and encountered terrible privations and perils on their way.

“Two days after we crossed the Rio Grande, and entered the dreary path of the mountains in the hostile and inhospitable country of the Navahoes and the Crows. We had been travelling eight days on a most awful stony road, when at last we reached the head waters of the Colorado of the West; but we were very weak, not having touched any food during the last five days, except two small rattlesnakes, and a few berries we had picked up on the way. On the morning we had chased a large grizzly bear, but to no purpose; our poor horses and ourselves were too exhausted to follow the animal for any time, and with its disappearance vanished away all hopes of a dinner. It was evening before we reached the river, and by that time we were so much maddened with hunger, that we seriously thought of killing one of our horses. Luckily at that instant we espied a smoke rising from a camp of Indians in a small valley. That they were foes we had no doubt; but hunger can make heroes, and we determined to take a meal at their expense. The fellows had been lucky; for around their tents they had hung upon poles large pieces of meat to dry. They had no horses, and only a few dogs scattered about the camp. We skirted the plain in silence, and at dark we had arrived at three hundred yards from them, concealed by the projecting rocks, which formed a kind

of belt around the camp. Now was our time. Giving the Shoshone war-whoop, and making as much noise as we could, we spurred on our horses; and in a few moments each of us had secured a piece of meat from the poles. The Crows (for the camp contained fifteen Crows and three Arrapahoes), on hearing the war-whoop, were so terrified that they had all run away without ever looking behind them; but the Arrapahoes stood their ground, and having recovered from their first surprise, they assaulted us bravely with their lances and arrows. Roche was severely bruised by his horse falling; and my pistol, by disabling his opponent, who was advancing with his tomahawk, saved his life. Gabriel had coolly thrown his lasso round his opponent, and had already strangled him; while the third had been, in the very beginning of the attack, run over by my horse. Gabriel lighted on the ground, entered the lodges, cut the strings of all the bows he could find, and collecting a few more pieces of the meat, we started at a full gallop, not being inclined to wait till the Crows should have recovered from their panic. Though our horses were very tired, we rode thirteen miles more that night; and about ten o'clock arrived at a beautiful spot with plenty of fine grass and cool water, upon which both we and our horses stretched ourselves most luxuriously even before eating. Capital jokes were passed round that night, while we were discussing the qualities of the mountain-goat flesh; but yet I felt annoyed at our feast—the thing, to be sure, had been gallantly done, still it was nothing better than highway robbery. Hunger, however, is a good palliative for conscience; and having well rubbed our horses, who seemed to enjoy their grazing amazingly, we turned to repose, watching alternately for every three hours. The next day at noon we met with unexpected sport and company. As we were going along, we perceived two men at a distance, sitting close together upon the ground, and apparently in a vehement conversation. As they were white men, we dismounted and secured our horses, and then crept silently along until we were near the strangers. They were two very queer-looking beings; one long and lean, the other short and stout. 'Bless me,' the fat one said, 'bless me, Pat Swiney, but I think the Frenchmen will never return, and so we must die here like starved dogs.' 'Och,' answered the thin one, 'they have gone to kill game. By St. Patrick, I wish it would come, raw or cooked, for my bowels are twisting like worms on a hook.' 'O, Pat, be a good man; can't you go and pick some berries? my stomach is like an empty bag.' 'Faith, my legs ain't better than yours,' answered the Irishman, patting his knee with a kind of angry gesture. And for the first time we perceived that the legs of both of them were shockingly swollen. 'If we could only meet with the Welsh Indians or a gold-mine,' resumed the short man. 'Botheration,' exclaimed his irascible companion, 'bother them all—the Welsh Indians and the Welsh English.' We saw that hunger had made the poor fellows rather quarrelsome, so we kindly interfered with a tremendous war-whoop. The fat one closed his eyes and allowed himself to fall down, while his fellow in misfortune rose up in spite of the state of his legs. 'Come,' roared he, 'come, ye rascally red devils, do your worst without mercy, for I am lame and hungry.' There was something noble in his words and pathetic in the action. Roche, putting his hand on his shoulder, whispered some Irish words in his ear, and the poor fellow almost cut a caper. 'Faith,' he said, 'if you are not

a Cork boy, you are the devil; but devil or no, for the sake of the old country, give us something to eat—to me and that poor Welsh dreamer. I fear your hellish yell has taken the life out of him.' Such was not the case. At the words 'something to eat,' the fellow opened his eyes with a stare, and exclaimed, 'The Welsh Indians, by St. David!' We answered him with a roar of merriment that rather confused him, and his companion answered, 'Ay! Welsh Indians, or Irish Indians, for what I know. Get up, will ye, ye lump of flesh, and politely tell the gentlemen that we have tasted nothing for the last three days.' Of course we lost no time in lighting a fire and bringing our horses. The meat was soon cooked, and it was wonderful to see how quickly it disappeared in the jaws of our two new friends. We had yet about twelve pounds of it, and we were entering a country where game would be found daily, so we did not re-pine at their most inordinate appetites, but, on the contrary, encouraged them to continue. When the first pangs of hunger were a little soothed, they both looked at us with moist and grateful eyes. 'Och,' said the Irishman, 'but ye are kind gentlemen, whatever you may be, to give us so good a meal when perhaps you have no more.' Roche shook him by the hand. 'Eat on, fellow,' he said, 'eat on, and never fear. We will afterwards see what can be done for the legs.' As to the Welshman, he never said a word for full half-hour. He would look, but could neither speak nor hear, so intensely busy was he with an enormous piece of half-rav flesh, which he was tearing and swallowing like a hungry wolf. There is, however, an end to every thing; and when satiety had succeeded to want, they related us the circumstance that had led them where they were."

Son è vero è ben (dramatically) *trovato.* But a dreadful struggle awaits their return to the block-house or fort, and it is only after desperate fighting that they kill a great number of Umquias, their cruel assailants, and get into sufficient feather to attempt to revolutionise California on a large scale, and separate it from Mexico. They are ultimately worsered and taken prisoners, and are only rescued on their way to the capital to be hanged, by another providential hostile Indian interposition. But their strange adventures again on their route back, and the sequel, we are tempted by the extraordinary nature of the narrative to reserve for a third and concluding *Gazette*.

LORD MAYORS' PAGEANTS.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

We were obliged to omit from our last a portion of the most curious references to the civic pageants of the olden times; and have now much pleasure in returning to a selection, which, we fancy, must afford some entertainment, as well as information, to our friends in the city.

"1631. 'London's Jus Honorarium, exprest in sundry triumphs, pagiants, and shews, at the initiation or entrance of the right honourable George Whitmore into the mayorality of the famous and farre-renowned city of London, was written this year by that voluminous dramatic author Thomas Heywood, and the pageants got up at the expense of the Haberdashers' Company. Upon the water were displayed 'two craggy rocks, plac'd directly opposite, of that distance that the barges may passe between them. These are full of monsters, as serpents, snakes, dragons, etc.; the

one is called *Silia*, the other *Charibdis*; upon these rocks are the Syrens. Ulysses addresses the mayor, and assures him that the only way of escaping danger in passing them, is to

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By the sign Libra, that celestial scale.'

The first shew by land, which is stationed in St. Paul's Churchyard, is a green hill, covered with flowers, a fruit-tree in its centre, where sits 'a woman of beautifull aspect, appareled like Summer. Her motto being *Civitas bene gubernata*:' 'a city well governed.' She is attended by Faith, Hope, and Charity, and 'amongst the leaves and fruits of this tree are inscribed divine labels, with several sentences expressing the causes which make cities to flourish and prosper, as: *the fear of God—religious zeale—a wise magistrate—obedience to rulers—unity—plaine and faithfull dealing,—with others of the like nature.*' Time, and his daughter Truth, sit at the bottom of the hill. Time pronouncing a speech, in which he compares the city to this emblem, ending with the injunction,—

'Defend my daughter Truth,
And then both Wealth and Poverty, Age and Youth,
Will follow this your standard, to oppose
Errour, Sedition, Hate (the common foes).'

Then taking a withered, leafless branch, he declares it to be a fit emblem of a ruined city, and prays that London may never by ill rule become like it."—"The incongruities of the annual shows were ridiculed in Shirley's *Contention for Honour and Riches*, 1633, by Clod, a countryman, who exclaims, 'I am plain Clod; I care not a bean-stalk for the best *What lack you on you all*,—no, not the next day after Simon and Jude, when you go a feasting to Westminster with your galley-foist and your pot-guns, to the very terror of the paper whales; when you land in shoals, and make the understanders in Cheapside wonder to see ships swim upon men's shoulders; when the fencers flourish and make the king's liege people fall down and worship the devil and St. Dunstan; when your whiffers are hanged in chains, and Hercules' club spits fire about the pageants, though the poor children catch cold that shew like painted cloth, and are only kept alive with sugar-plums; with whom, when the word is given, you march to Guildhall, with every man his spoon in his pocket, where you look upon the giants, and feed like Saracens, till you have no stomach to Paul's in the afternoon. I have seen your processions, and heard your lions and camels make speeches, instead of grace before and after dinner. I have heard songs, too, or something like 'em; but the porters have had the burden, who were kept sober at the city charge two days before, to keep time and tune with their feet; for, brag what you will of your charge, all your pomp lies upon their back.' In *Honor and Mammon*, 1652, Shirley has again repeated this humorous and graphic description of the land and water pageants of the good citizens of his day; he has however abridged the general detail, and added some degree of indelicacy to his satire. He alludes to the wild men that cleared the way, and their fireworks, in these words: 'I am not afear'd of your green Robin Hoods, that fight with fiery club your pitiful spectators, that take pains to be stilted, and adore the wolves and camels of your company.'"

In 1664, the last of Tatham's productions, there was "a song addressed to the spectators in the course of the day, declaring the chances of any of the mob becoming mayor, in a manner certainly not too refined for any capacity. It runs thus:—

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'For aught we do know, there's ne'er a lad here
But may be lord mayor, or something as ne'er,
And his maiores may take from this innocent rout,
Then give her a hood instead of a clout;
Then cast up your caps, though thrummed they be,
We shall be as finical^{*} one day as he.'

Evelyn has recorded, that on this occasion 'he din'd at Guildhall at the upper table,—my lord mayor came twice up to us, first drinking in the golden goblet his majesty's health, then the French king's, as a compliment to the ambassador; then we return'd my lord mayor's health, trumpets and drums sounding. The cheer was not to be imagined for the plenty and raritie, with an infinite number of persons at the rest of the tables in that ample hall.' In consequence of the great fire and the plague, the inauguration of the chief magistrate was for the five following years shorn of its beams.'

In 1671, Thomas Jordan produced 'London's Resurrection to Joy and Triumph.' He succeeded Tatham 'in the distinguished honour of city poet,' as a writer of 1664 phrases it, and contributed to the pageants for the eleven following years, and was again employed in 1684. He is the most humorous of city poets, and his songs in some of the pageants are extremely good, though the shows themselves are dull as ever; his vivacity being exclusively confined to the Guildhall dinner-table. An account of him and his works is prefixed to the reprint of his pageants, which comprises all that is known of the only city poet capable of 'setting the table in a roar.'

On the following year "Jordan finishes his description with the following very curious passage: 'I must not omit to tell you, that marching in the van of these five pageants, are two exceeding rarities to be taken notice of; that is, there are two extreme great giants, each of them at least fifteen foot high, that do sit and are drawn by horses in two several chariots, moving, talking, and taking tobacco as they ride along, to the great admiration and delight of all the spectators: at the conclusion of the show they are to be set up in Guildhall, where they may be daily seen all the year, and I hope never to be demolished by such dismal violence as happened to their predecessors; which are raised at the peculiar and proper cost of the city.'

Upon which the editor remarks: "This exceedingly curious paragraph escaped the researches of Hone, who was for upwards of sixteen years endeavouring to gain information about the Guildhall giants, and in which he was assisted by various city antiquaries, who could find no trace of them in the city archives.... It is proven that giants existed in the hall previous to the great fire, by which it would appear they were destroyed, although Hone conjectures that they escaped on that occasion, and that the figures exhibited on the restoration of Charles the Second remained until 1708, when Richard Saunders carved the figures now remaining at Guildhall. That they were 'demolished' by some 'dismal violence' the passage proves, and the wicker-work and paste-board giants, to which the 'gigantick history' he quotes alludes, were no doubt the figures described by Jordan. It is somewhat singular that but one other mention of these giants, or others gracing the lord mayor's inauguration with their presence, occurs in any of the descriptive pamphlets published yearly by the city laureates, although they are alluded to by Stow, who in his description of the setting of the watch on Midsummer eve, says, 'the mayor had besides his giant three pageants; whereas

the sheriffs had only two, besides their giants.' That they were commonly exhibited at this period also appears by a familiar allusion made in Marston's *Duich Courtezan*, acted in 1605;—'yet all will scarce make me so high as one of the gyant's stilts that stalks before my lord mayor's pageants.' They are frequently mentioned as articles of expense in arrangements for city pageantry at Midsummer, throughout Herbert's *History of the Livery Companies*. Bishop Corbet, who died 1635, in his *Iter Boreale*, written about the middle of James the First's reign, alludes to them when speaking of those at Holmby, the seat of Sir Christopher Hatton, the 'dancing chancellor' of Queen Elizabeth.

'Oh you that do Guildhall and Holmby keep
Soe carefully, when both their founders sleep,
You are good giants.'

They appear to have been known by the names of Gogmagog and Corineus; the giants stationed at Temple Bar during the progress of the Queen in 1558 being so named, as well as those that appeared in the mayor's pageant for 1605; and in the *Gigantic History of the Two famous Giants of Guildhall*, 1741, they are similarly called. George Wither, however, in his *Joco Serio; Strange News of a Discourse between two dead Giants* (1661), alludes to them as—

'Big-bon'd Colbrant and great Brandamore,
The giants in Guildhall

Where they have had a place to them assign'd
At publick meetings, now time out of mind.'

In 1761 George III. and his queen dined at the Guildhall banquet with Sir S. Fludyer, mayor. "The show on the water was very brilliant. The lord mayor landed at the Temple stairs, where he was met by his state-coach, drawn by six beautiful iron-grey horses, richly caparisoned, and adorned with ribands; and all the companies made a very grand appearance. The Armourers and Braziers, the Skinners and the Fishmongers, particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion. The former were marked by an archer riding erect in his car, having his bow in his left hand, and his quiver and arrows hanging behind his left shoulder, and a man in complete armour; the Skinners were distinguished by seven of their company being dressed in fur, having their skins painted in the form of Indian princes. The ancient pageantry was for the last time revived. These were at the expense of the Fishmongers, and consisted of a statue of St. Peter finely gilt, a dolphin, two mermaids, and two sea-horses, which had a very pleasing effect."

The mirth-loving Charles II. dined seven years in succession with the citizens—1671 to 1677: in 1673 with his queen, "the dukes of York and Monmouth, Prince Rupert, the ambassadors and nobility; and a jovial song of four verses (by Jordan) was sung in their praise at the banquet—the first and last verses as follows:

Joy in the gates,
And peace in the states,
Of this city, which so debonair is:
Let the king's health go round,
The queen's and the dukes' health be crown'd
With my lord's and the lady mayoress.

Divisions are base,
And of Lucifer's race,
Civil wars from the bottom of hell come;
Before ye doth stand
The plenty of the land,
And my lord mayor doth bid ye welcome.'

The concluding chorus to the entertainment being—

'This land and this town have no cause to despair:
No nation can tell us how happy we are,
When each person's fixt in his judicial chair,
At Whitehall the king, and at Guildhall the mayor;

Then let all joy and honour preserve with renown
The city, the country, the court, and the crown.'

"A song in praise of the mayor and company was also sung in Guildhall, of which the following stanzas are a specimen:

'Let all the nine muses lay by their abuses,
Their rolling and drolling on tricks of the Strand,
To pen us a ditty in praise of the city,
Their treasure and pleasure, their power and command.'

* Our ruines did shew, five or six years ago,

Like an object of woe to all eyes that came nigh us,
Yet now 'tis as gay as a garden in May;

Guildhall and the Exchange are *in statu quo prius*.'

We here insert the illustration, for which we could not find a convenient corner last week, to accompany the Giant and Hell-Mouth.*



In 1677 the pageant is of an original and inventive kind, and might well (as indeed might others) suggest excellent hints for dramatic Easter spectacles and Christmas pieces. The third pageant was the "Temple of Time;" and we are told: "It was 'a magnificent structure, erected according to the composite order, formed like a temple, with a spire very eminently elevated; about which in a square (with curious correspondence) are four large sundials.' In an arch beneath stood Time, attended by the four quarters of the year; and 'next to him, and round about him sit six persons, representing a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year: thus habited, viz. 'A Minute, a small person, in a skie-colour'd robe, painted all over with minute-glasses of gold, a fair hair, and on it a coronet, the points tipped with bubbles, bearing a banner of the virgin. Next to her sitteth an Hour, a person of larger dimensions, in a sand-colour'd robe, painted with clocks, hairs, and bells; a golden mantle, a brown hair, a coronet of dyals, with a large sundial in front, in other her brows; in one hand a golden bell, in the other a banner of the golden ram. A Day, in a robe of aurora colour; on

* The cut here given is a copy of one of these dolphins [described in our former extracts]; and it is valuable for shewing the mode in which they were borne about the streets, and the way in which the machinery or bearers were hidden from view, and the absurdity of fish swimming through the streets got over, by covering all with painted cloths that hung to the ground, resembling water with fish of all sorts, and many that would puzzle naturalists to name, disporting themselves therein. The two large heads in front, probably intended for the fabulous sea-lions, were useful if not ornamental, as their wide jaws allowed the persons within, who set the pageant in motion, to direct their movements through the crowd.'

* "i. e. luxurious in all his appointments."

it a skie-colour'd mantle, fring'd with gold and silver, a long curl'd black hair, with a coronet of one half silver, the other black (intimating day and night); in one hand a shield azure, charged with a golden cock, and in the other a banner of the cities. Next unto her sitteth a virgin, for the personating of a Week, in a robe of seven metals and colours, viz. or, argent, gules, azure, sable, vert, and purpure; a silver mantle, a dark brown hair, on which is a golden coronet of seven points, on the tops of which are seven round plates of silver, bearing these seven characters, written in black, viz. ☽ ☿ ☾ ☽ ☿ ☿ ☽, which signify the planets and the days; in one hand she beareth a clock, in the other a banner of the companies. Next to her sitteth a lady of a larger size, representing a Month (of May), in a green prunello silk robe, embroidered with various flowers, and on it a silver mantle fringed with gold, a bright flaxen hair, chaplet of May-flowers, a cornucopia in one hand, and a banner of the kings in the other. Contiguously (next to her) reposeth a very lovely lady, representing a Year, in a close-bodied silk garment down to the waist, and from the waist downward to her knees hang round about her twelve labels or panes, with the distinct inscriptions of every month; wearing a belt or circle cross her, containing the twelve signs of the zodiac; a dark brown hair, and on it a globular cap (not much unlike a turban), with several compassing lines, as on a globe; in one hand she beareth a target argent, charged with a serpent vert, in a circular figure, with the tip of his tail in his mouth; in the other a banner of my lord mayor's."—"A song is sung in Guildhall to the tune of 'Tom-a-bedlam,' by 'one of the city musicians, being attired like a New-Bedlamite, with apt action, and audible voice,' and which is very like the more famous song of 'The Vicar of Bray.'—"In 1701 Sir William Gore, of the Mercers' Company, displayed as his first pageant the famous 'Maiden chariot,' so long the feature of the Mercers' mayoralities. It was drawn by nine white horses; 'upon these horses ride nine figures, all properly drest'—four representing the four quarters of the world, and the other five the retinue of Fame, each with a silver trumpet, and all sounding continually."—In 1702: "the pageants this year exhibited were got up with much state and expense by the Vintners' Company, of which body Sir Samuel Dashwood, the mayor, was a member. It being the first lord mayor's day in her reign, Queen Anne dined at Guildhall, previously witnessing the procession, &c. from a balcony in Cheapside. Settle appears to have exerted himself to produce a more original performance than was his usual wont, feeling, as he tells the vintners, in his opening address, that 'the splendour which formerly shined forth on this solemn city-festival, now almost dropt into oblivion, had taken its second resurrection among them.' It was, however, the last of a long line of these annual shows composed by a city poet, and publicly performed."—"Poor Elkanah's 'triumphs' were now nearly past, both in his public and his private career. For five years he seems not to have been encouraged in his civic task;" or if he produced

any pageant between 1702 and 1708, every copy appears, from their folio size, to be lost. In the latter year he was again employed; but it was for the last time. The pageantry invented for this occasion was never displayed. Prince George of Denmark, the husband of Queen Anne, died on the 28th of October, the day before its intended exhibition, and Sir Charles Duncombe entered upon his mayoralty without any display. The descriptive pamphlet was published in readiness before the day, as usual, and from this, the last of these rarities, we find only three pageants enumerated."

Nervous Diseases, arising from Liver and Stomach Complaints, Low Spirits, Indigestion, Gout, and Disorders produced by Tropical Climates; with Cases. By George R. Rowe, M.D., &c. Sixth edition, enlarged. 8vo, pp. 181. London, J. Churchill.

To take a wide view of the case, we ought to write of the functional derangements produced by disorders of the digestion; and the nutritive functions standing first in the class of the phenomena of life and animal organisation, we should have to go step by step through all the elaborate detail of human physiology. The influence of indigestion on the nervous system is immediate, that on the brain and its functions secondary, and, when long continued, liver and stomach complaints, gout, and a train of other evils, are produced. With regard to the general treatment of these disorders, as springing originally from indigestion, we have had occasion to speak frequently of late; for much has been done since the issue of Dr. Rowe's work by Liebig, Phillips, Holland, and a host of others, towards methodising the practice in such cases in their relation to the other functions, more especially those of the skin, vascular system, and excretory organs generally. Nor should we neglect the chronothermal system, which would grapple with the causes; nor the hydro-pathic plan, well calculated to be useful in such simple affections. Dr. Rowe's work is, however, a great relief to the variety of theoretical books written yearly upon the same subject; it is truly practical and professional, and at once simple and effective. It is of the Abernethy school, blue pill and black draught, with here and there a little variety, but still pill and draught as the sheet-anchor. This treatment is chiefly illustrated by cases; and the publication of a sixth edition, and the almost unanimous praise of the press, leave us little to say beyond the fact that it contains much valuable matter for the general as well as professional reader, and is a good specimen of the simplicity which attends science versus the mystery that enshrouds quackery.

Symbology; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings. By J. A. Moehler, D.D. Translated from the German (with a Memoir of the Author), by J. B. Robertson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, C. Dolman.

THE position of the Christian church at this epoch is luminously exposed by the multitude of polemical writings which are continually issuing from the press. We seem to have more works of that description crowding upon us weekly than we have of all other kinds of literature,—education, science, history, fiction, poetry, and belles lettres. The present publish-

* Settle had to endure many harsh reverses. From being the pet poet of the court of Charles the Second, and the successful rival, as far as their judgment was concerned, of 'glorious' John Dryden himself, all of whose productions he used regularly to answer in rhyme, he was eventually doomed to neglect even by the citizens. . . . After enduring much poverty, and in his old age roaring as a dragon in a droll at Bartholomew fair for a living,—much to the discredit of the city, who should not thus have neglected an old ser-

cation has run through several editions in Germany, and is, as far as we can judge, one of the most elaborate and able efforts of the Romish church to recall separatists within its fold. It is moderate in its tone, and affects the utmost candour and fairness in its arguments and reasoning; and it possesses, in an eminent degree, the learning which so often distinguishes the disputants on that side of the question. Such is the character of these volumes—and with their opinions we have nothing to do. To us it ever is a grief to observe so much of ingenuity and talent displayed on controverted points of doctrine or discipline, and so little regard paid to the practice of true religion.

"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;" but unless we see their lives also in the right, humanly and morally speaking, we confess we have no regard for their hypocritical and inconsistent professions of sanctity. Here we have amply discussed all the conflicting ideas about the human and divine nature of Jesus Christ, all the notions about original sin, all the mysteries about transubstantiation, all the doubts about perfect or imperfect regeneration, all the questions about mass, and the Virgin, and the saints, and confession, and the power and authority of absolution, and apostolic descent, and differences among Protestant sects from the Reformation till now (none being acknowledged in the Catholic communion); and all to one end—the translator hopes, "that now, when so happy and so remarkable a change has come over the Protestant mind of England" (alluding to the Tractarians, or, as more familiarly termed, the Puseyites), a "clearer knowledge of error" may be disseminated, and "the return to the true church be thus at once rendered more easy and more certain." Such is the object; and, merely offering a literary opinion, we must repeat, that we have seen nothing better contrived and executed for the end in view.

Ecclesiastical History. A History of the Church, in Five Books, from A.D. 322 to A.D. 427. By Theodoreitus, Bishop of Cyrus. 8vo, pp. 360. London, S. Bagster and Sons.

In this, another theological performance, there is good deal of curious matter, taking up from the work of Eusebius, and continuing the thread of history through the first quarter of the fifth century. Of the condition of the Christian church in those remote days—the days of the Fathers—it certainly affords anything but a gratifying picture. Their bitter and everlasting disputes, their intrigues, apostacies, plots, scholastic dogmas, visionary interpretations, superstitions, massacres, and persecutions of each other for pin-points in controversy, teach us to wonder, and not to admire the early founders and exponents of Christianity. We shewed the volume to a shrewd old Scotch lady, whose sentiments are so nearly our own, that we deliver them in her own language. "Heeven saaf us, they sants joost quarrelled, and fought, and reviled, and abused, and tinker'd; anither like blackguards and sinners; and their councils of Neece* (where they brag that some were so holy they had poure to raise the dead, and perform ither merecles), and their Arianism, and Athanasianism, and Audianism, and Messallianism, and schisms of every sort, seem far worse than even the deusions of our un-

* This Council of Nice must have been somewhat like a meeting of the Greenwich pensioners; for so many of the bishops, presbyters, &c. had been martyred in martyrdom, that the general supply of eyes, ears, arms, and legs was exceedingly scanty for the whole number.

Fathers Cyril, S. Athan-

Ceylon

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settled day." In truth, the battles of the Fathers, now immortal as *St. Theodore*, *St. Cyril*, *St. John Chrysostom*, *St. Basil*, *St. Julian*, *St. Athanasius*, and a hundred more, are of the most unsaintly and wicked description. He that runs may read enough of them in this volume.

Ceylon Miscellany.—We have received the Nos. of the 2d volume of the *Ceylon Miscellany*, edited by E. R. Power, Esq., Ceylon Civil Service, which contain much valuable information relating to that important island, its produce, commerce, and improvements. Among the latter the importation of labourers from China is earnestly recommended; and convincing reasons adduced for the adoption of the system. The expense is calculated at from 110 to 120 Spanish dollars per head; and the vastly superior industry of the immigrant natives of China to the people of any of the adjacent countries, Java, the Philippines, Borneo, Singapore, Malacca, &c., is declared by competent witnesses to be almost extraordinary. One gentleman writes: "I landed in the middle of a very warm day at Batavia. Not a European was to be seen out of doors, except some of our officers driving in open carriages from one shop to another. Myneher was cooped up in his house, dressed in a large nightgown, smoking his pipe, or dozing over it. The Javan lay stretched under a shady verandah, on a mat, fast asleep; but the Chinese were hard at work in the smith's or carpenter's workshops, or anxiously looking for customers at their shop-doors; others groaned under heavy loads of goods, which they hawked about for sale; or were cheerfully working in the gardens and fields, and their crops shewed that they had not been raised by slaves: they were not only abundant, but neat. The Chinese are the best gardeners and husbandmen that can be found; particularly if they once become possessed of any property, then their industry rises, and displays itself in its brightest colours. There is not a trade with which they are not well acquainted. They build excellent carriages. They are masons, carpenters, wheelwrights, smiths, painters, tanners, shoemakers, saddlers, tailors, confectioners, butchers, cooks, fishermen, distillers; in short, point out to them the means of gaining a livelihood, and they will soon acquire, and excel in them." Another says: "Their habits as a labouring class of people are unexceptionable. They are industrious, patient, sober, honest, and tranquil; they work with cheerfulness, and delight in what they pursue. Horticulture and agriculture absorb all their attention; in these they are usually occupied, and never fail to exhibit proofs of skill and perseverance. Indeed, these people are the most ingenious race in the world. Their physical powers far exceed those of the negro tribes of Africa, of the Javanes, the natives of the Malayan Peninsula, the Hindoo, the Gento, or any other caste in India. The Chinese possess, moreover, none of the superstition (of Obeah) of the tribes of Africa, or the religious prejudices of the natives of Hindostan, and are equally indifferent as to the quality of their food.* A dog, rat, or cat, are relished with the same gusto by the Chinese as veal, mutton, or pork. Their drink is

chiefly water, or cocoa-nut milk." The Chinese population, settled in the various countries adjacent to China, is roughly estimated as follows:—

The Philippine Islands	15,000
Borneo	120,000
Java	45,000
The Dutch settlements of Rioh Straits of Malacca	18,000
Singapore	6,200
Malacca	2,000
Penang	8,500
Malayan Peninsula	40,000
Siam	450,000
Cochin-China	15,000
Tonquin	25,000
Total	734,700

We cannot but foresee immense advantages as likely to accrue, not only to Ceylon, but to all the parts of the earth, indicated in the foregoing remarks, from the new impulse which must be communicated by the opening of the long-sealed Chinese empire to the rest of the world.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

(By Mr. Nott.)

[Continued from p. 670.]

Magnetism.—Having indicated the cause of the existence of what is called the neutral point at the equator of a magnet, and consequently the cause of the increase of intensity from this point towards the extremities, it became necessary, in order to leave no doubt upon the fact that the magnetic force is radiated from the centre of the figure, to ascertain the law of the increase of intensity from the equator to the poles of a globular magnet. To effect this object, I suspended a magnetic needle, 0'015m long and 0'0035m in diameter, by a fibre of a cocoon, and rendered it astatic by means of a powerful magnet. I then placed the magnetic globe, with its axis lying in a horizontal plane, at a distance of 0'040m from the needle. During these experiments I found, no matter how small the oscillations of the magnetic needle, that they are far from being isochronous. I therefore, in order that the elongation should be alike in each instance, permitted the needle to assume a position of equilibrium opposite each degree of latitude of the globe the intensity of which I wished to ascertain. I then deflected the needle from this position to a right angle, and counted with a stop-watch the number of seconds during which 25 oscillations were performed at every 10° of latitude of the globe. The results gave an intensity increasing in numerical progression from the equator to about 75 deg. of latitude; from which point it decreases in the same proportion to the pole. This decrease from the latitude of maximum intensity to the pole is a fact highly confirmatory of the truth of the electro-dynamic theory; for if such were not the case that theory would be doubtful. The total intensity being inversely as the squares of these numbers, if the results thus found be compared with the mean results deduced from intensity observations at corresponding points of the earth's surface, the ratio of the increase in both cases will be found to approximate very closely.

Having thus indirectly established the fact that the magnetic force of a globular magnet is radiated in curvilinear directions from its geometrical centre; or, in other words, that its magnetic poles are coincident with its centre of gravity; it follows, if this be true, that its action upon a freely suspended magnetic needle, at any point, would be identical with that deduced for the same point from Biot's beautiful

law, tan. inclin. = 2 tan. lat. To prove this, I first observed the inclination for Cork, and found it to be 70° 51'. I then calculated it, assuming as one of the elements, not the magnetic, but the geographic, latitude. I shall give my reasons for this subsequently. The result was, by a small quantity, less than that found by observation. I then changed the formula to the following equation: 2 tan. lat. √intensity = inclination; and I found the result by calculation equal to that given by observation. I therefore adopted this latter formula as correct, and calculated by means of it the inclinations for every 10° of latitude—assuming the intensities as given by the magnetic globe.

Experimental investigation with the globular magnet was then conducted, and the results observed were, without the slightest difference, the same as those found by calculation; and they approximated so closely to the means of observations of inclination made upon the surface of the earth, at corresponding parallels of latitude, as not to admit of a doubt of their being produced by a force inherent in the earth itself, analogous to that of this globular magnet. We therefore see, both with respect to the intensity and the inclination, that Mr. Barlow's proposition, "that the laws of terrestrial magnetism are incompatible with those which belong to a body in a permanent magnetic state," is controverted: therefore this negative proposition must henceforth be taken affirmatively.

Coulomb found by experiment that, in a magnet of a certain length, and of the form of a parallelopiped, the intensity increases in geometrical progression from the equator of the magnet to the point of intensity. Upon what principle this point of intensity has been called a pole, or a centre of magnetic radiation, I am at a loss to conceive. By analogy from this fact, the earth is considered to have magnetic poles; and yet it is obvious that the distribution of a physical force, like magnetism, must be greatly modified by geometrical form. Moreover, the intensity observations which have been made at different points of the earth's surface go to prove that its magnetic intensity increases, not in geometrical, but in numerical progression; a fact which completely disproves the existence of magnetic poles analogous to those which are considered to exist in an elongated magnet.

That the distribution of magnetism is modified by form, is fully proved by the globular magnet; for its intensity, as we have seen, increases in numerical progression, and no such thing as a magnetic pole can be discovered upon it, no more than upon an electro-dynamic sphere—a fact which warrants the inference, that the magnetic force is radiated from the centre of figure in the manner in which I have previously described. The globular form seems, therefore, the only one in which a normal state of distribution of the magnetic force can exist. We can thence easily deduce the cause of the existence of apparent magnetic poles in a magnetic body of the form of a parallelopiped: this results from the non-existence of what may be called the neutralising magnetic solenoids that would be necessary to complete the globular form. I shall here relate an experiment which will incontrovertibly prove this:—I took a piece of steel wire, equal in length to the diameter of the magnetic globe; and placed at each side, and parallel to it, a number of pieces of the same wire, of diminishing lengths, so as to form, when united, a complete circle, and thus represent a meridian section of the globe. I magnetised these wires separately, and observed the distribution of the magnetic force in each

* "One can have but little relish for Chinese madelines, after seeing young puppies hawked about the streets in cages and baskets, as delicious morsels; and after seeing a Chinese pick up animals which have died a natural death, and eat them with as much gout as if they had gone through the hands of a butcher."—*Oriental Voyager*, p. 200.

piece. I then placed them upon a waxed card, so as to form a circle, and sifted iron filings upon them. The distribution of the filings was now completely altered by the juxtaposition of these magnetic solenoids, and was perfectly identical with that which took place when iron filings were sifted round a meridian plane of the globe itself. This experiment is conclusive as to the non-existence of magnetic poles, and proves that the great intensity existing near the extremities of elongated magnets is merely an accidental circumstance of form. If we suppose this circle of wires to revolve upon its diameter, a magnetic sphere would be generated, the surface of which would consist of magnetic poles, in the ordinary sense of the term. Thus the cause of the increase of intensity in either hemisphere of a globular magnet is easily conceived, and a clear insight given us of what perhaps constitutes the coercitive force of artificial magnets, and that seems to be a contracted surface, or one of greater density than the interior; and, indeed, we find that bodies capable of magnetism are either heterogeneous or of diminishing density.

I shall now direct attention to the action of an electro-dynamic globe of nine inches diameter upon the magnetic needle. In constructing this globe, I gave it a motion in latitude, elevated or depressed; but no motion in longitude, as, different from the globe of Mr. Barlow's construction, I made the magnetic pole coincide with the extremity of the axis of the globe itself. I then placed over the equator of this instrument a dipping-needle, rendered astatic by a powerful magnet; so that the plane of motion of the needle was coincident with that of the axis of the globe. When the globe was magnetised by the passage of an electric current, the needle became horizontal. I then gradually elevated the north pole of the globe, so as to change the latitude of the needle, and noted the amplitude of inclination for every 10° of latitude. The results in this case were the same as those previously given by the artificial magnetic globe, and the needle always assumed a vertical position before it reached the pole, at about 75° of latitude—a fact which proves that the parallel of maximum intensity exists at about 75° of latitude, as I have also shewn to be the case with respect to the globular magnet.

I next placed the electro-dynamic globe with its axis in the magnetic meridian, and rendered the needle astatic by position, that is, with the plane of its motion at right angles to the plane of the meridian, and inclined to the horizon at an angle equal to the complement of the inclination. The equator of the globe being brought under the middle of the needle, the latter placed itself in the meridian plane of the globe, or relatively due north and south. The pole of the globe was then gradually raised, so as to change the latitude of the needle, which at first slowly moved west, then rapidly, until the needle reached 75° of latitude, where the declination amounted to 90° , or the needle pointed relatively east and west, shewing that at this parallel of latitude the action of the globe was equal upon both extremities of the needle. From this point the declination increased, until the needle arrived at the pole, where the declination amounted to 180° , or the needle was reversed. At the opposite hemisphere the declinations were symmetrical, but in opposite directions. With the globular magnet and a needle rendered astatic by position, analogous declinations also take place. We have then these facts established: that in an electro-dynamic sphere, as well as in a globular magnet,

the ratio of the increase of intensity from the equator to the poles is the same; that the distribution of the magnetic force is the same in both bodies; that their action upon the inclinatory, as well as upon the declinatory needle, is the same; and consequently the identity of the force existing within, or emanating from, these bodies, is fully demonstrated; for though it is possible that similar effects may be produced by different causes, yet where these effects are numerous and identical, we may with moral certainty deduce an identity of cause.

Terrrestrial Magnetism.—I now proceed to the consideration of terrestrial magnetism, and shall examine whether the facts we have before us will afford any clue to the solution of this difficult problem. In our investigations of this subject we can never leave out of view the fact that we cannot demonstrate the existence of any other physical force in nature than electricity. Free electricity exercises no directive power upon the magnetic needle, because the directive power results from the simultaneous exertion of attraction and repulsion; but we find, when electricity is latent and in motion, that then the directive power is manifested. Now one electric current does not constitute magnetism, it is merely an elementary portion of magnetism; but a parallel and contiguous series of electric currents, existing in closed circuits, does, provided that by their union the covered surface of a geometrical solid be formed. This curious result of the parallelism and contiguity of electric currents depends upon the principles of attraction and repulsion of electric currents, according to their direction. For instance, all round a rheophore, in which an electric current is established, the action upon the magnetic needle is the same; therefore the intensity at each point of the circumference of the rheophore is equal. But when two electric currents are made to run in the same direction, a mutual attraction takes place; and hence results a *pro tanto* neutralisation at the points of contact, and a corresponding increase of intensity externally. The more the number of electric currents is increased, the more marked are these effects; so that when a parallel and contiguous series of indefinite currents is formed, existing in the same plane, if we conceive a line to be drawn at right angles to their direction, and equal in length to the sum of their transverse diameters, the middle of this line will be neutral, and from this point the intensity increases in geometrical progression to the extremes. But if these currents, instead of existing in the same plane, form portion of a spherical surface, then the intensity increases in numerical progression. We have thus the cause of the existence of the neutral point in the middle of a magnet accounted for, and also the cause of the difference in the increase of intensity of a globular magnet and of an elongated one. It therefore follows, that the more convex the surface of a magnet is, the less will be the diminution of intensity at the equatorial region; and conversely, the more concave, the greater the diminution. So that if a globular magnet were compressed into the circular plane of its equator, the intensity would then be at its maximum at the circumference of this circle, and the neutral point at the centre. This may be proved by placing a disc of steel between the opposite poles of two magnets; the maximum intensity will then be found at the circumference of the disc, and a neutral point in the centre.

If we now form the rheophore into a convolved spiral, with the spires contiguous, and existing in the same plane, when the current is

sent through this instrument it flows in concentric circles, expanding from the centre. Suppose each of these circles decomposed into four different directions; at every second inflection, the partial currents existing therein will be in direct opposition, repulsion will consequently exist between them, and at every successive inflection in the direction, the partial currents will be running towards the apex of an angle and from it; repulsion will also arise from this cause, which is merely a consequence of the former. The repulsive force, and consequently neutralising force, will therefore increase inversely as the diameter of the circle; a neutral point is thus formed in the centre of the spiral, from which point the intensity progressively increases to the circumference. We have thus the cause of the existence of a neutral point at the extremity of the axis of a magnet accounted for; and the same principle with respect to convexity or concavity here also holds good.

The preceding facts enable me to come, in some degree with *connaissance de cause*, to the consideration of the neutral action of magnetic bodies. As the north pole of one magnet repels the north pole and attracts the south pole of another, it is thence concluded that the two halves of a magnet are different in their magnetic faculty. This is quite erroneous; for it is well known, that, externally, the north pole of a magnet attracts the south pole of an electro-dynamic cylinder, yet, internally, a perfect equilibrium of their mutual action is established only when their centres of figure are coincident, and then the north pole of the magnet is adjacent to the north pole of the helix. To prove this also with respect to magnets, I magnetised the interior of a steel tube, and floated it upon mercury; a small cylindrical magnet was then held in a line with the axis of the tube, and with its north pole towards the south pole of the tube; the tube was then attracted, and the motion thus communicated continued until the tube enveloped the magnet; the north as well as the south poles of each were then adjacent. The action of a steel tube, when magnetised internally, is therefore analogous to that of an electro-dynamic cylinder. A remarkable fact, and one highly confirmatory of the truth of the electro-dynamic theory, is, that the currents of the internal surface of the tube are in an opposite direction to those of the external surface; hence externally, either pole of the magnet will attract either pole of the tube. Again, if the tube, instead of being magnetised internally, be magnetised externally, and a small magnet be now introduced within it, so that the homonymous poles be adjacent, the tube will be repelled, and pass from over the magnet. This fact clearly establishes the internal state of neutralisation of a magnet, and proves that magnetic attractions and repulsions are phenomena of direction of electric currents. Hence the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another, only indirectly and partially, in every position, even where the axis of both magnets are in a line; for in this position one magnet will not lift up another, unless there be an overwhelming disparity in their respective dimensions—the greatest lifting power of a magnet residing, not at the extremity of the axis, but at a certain distance laterally from it; that is, at the latitude of maximum intensity. Hence, when one magnet is lifted up by another, their axes, instead of being in a line, form an obtuse angle: because the forces of the north pole of one magnet do not coincide in direction with those of the south pole of another, a perfect coincidence could only arrive when the homonymous poles of both magnets

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would also be coincident. So that we may conclude, that the north pole of one magnet attracts the south pole of another only as a consequence of the attraction, in a particular direction, of the mass of one magnet for the mass of the other.

These facts being premised, we shall find that, by a careful generalisation of them, the question of terrestrial magnetism will unfold itself with the utmost simplicity. In considering this question I shall, in the first place, take general results; and in the next, endeavour to shew to what local causes the exceptions to these results must be attributed. Observations made at different points of the surface of the earth furnish us with the following facts:—At the terrestrial equator a magnetic needle, suspended from its centre of gravity, and having motion in a vertical plane, assumes a horizontal position. If the same instrument be carried from the equator towards, for instance, the north pole of the earth, along a meridian line, the south pole of the needle inclines from the horizontal position; and this inclination increases, in a certain proportion, with the latitude, until the needle arrives at about 75° of latitude, where it assumes a vertical position; so that, if terrestrial magnetism be analogous to artificial magnetism,—and the identity of effects in both cases proves this,—the verticality of the magnetic needle is only a character of the magnetic pole, but is no proof whatever of actually having reached it. Therefore, in this case, the needle has merely reached the parallel of latitude of maximum intensity. It follows from this, that if the surface of the earth were uniformly spherical, any three points of equal inclination, upon this parallel of latitude, being found, the position of the magnetic pole would be determined. That position could only be in the centre of the plane of this parallel of latitude, and consequently coincident with the pole of the earth,—a fact which I hope to be able to establish satisfactorily.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Oct. 14, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of October 9th.—M. Biot, on behalf of M. Bouchardat, presented a series of experiments on the optical properties of the vegetable alkalies. 1st, *morphine*, observed in solution, either alone, or with acids or alkalies, always causes a deviation to the left. 2d, *narcotine* by itself, dissolved in water, exercises also a very marked deviation to the left: if, however, acids be added, the power passes to the right, and does not return towards the left when the acid is saturated with ammonia. The narcotine has, therefore, been altered entirely, or in part, by this reaction. 3d, *strychnine*, in isolated solution, exerts towards the left a very considerable power, which is much weakened without the direction being changed by the addition of an acid. Saturation of the acid with ammonia brings it back to its primitive state of intensity. An excess of ammonia does not produce any further change. 4th, *brucine*, dissolved alone in alcohol, produces a deviation towards the left. The addition of chlorohydric acid instantly modifies this power, and weakens it without changing its direction. Saturated with ammonia, the primitive power reappears. A farther addition of ammonia increases it. 5th, *chinonine*, in isolated solution, exercises a considerable rotatory power towards the right, not altered but diminished by the addition of acids: supposed to be restored when saturated; but the exceeding smallness of the quantity which can be maintained in isolated solution does not admit

of the identity of restitution being established. 6th, *quinine*, either in isolated solution, or in the presence of acids, influences deviation towards the left: with the latter its own power is greatly heightened. It returns to its primitive state when saturated; and a farther addition of ammonia produces no change.

All the effects thus observed by M. Bouchardat are to be understood as instantaneous reactions: what modification time may introduce remains to be studied.

M. Moreau de Jonnes submitted statistics of crimes committed in England in 1842 compared with those of France in 1841 (the returns of 1842 not being yet collected). The result appeared to be, that, proportionally to the population of each country, there were four times as many accused of crimes and outrages in England as there were in France, and three and a half times more condemned; in the latter there were nine persons condemned for ten accused, in the former only seven.

M. Pinaud wrote the results of his experiments on the effects of static electricity on the chloride, iodide, and bromide of silver, compared with that of light on the same substances. Small sparks blackened in a few seconds an iodised plate. The discharge of a Leyden jar produced circular and perfectly regular spots. A series of very weak sparks, falling at the same point on a plate not iodised, formed in time iridial spots, described already by M. Matteuci. But from the first instant that the small sparks impinge, the plate of silver is affected by the electric fluid, and its path may be rendered visible in the manner of the images of Möser by breathing on the plate. Papers prepared with the chloride, bromide, and iodide of silver, are as, and even more, readily affected by the electric fluid than by light. The action of static electricity on photographic papers is a new example of chemical decompositions, and an additional proof of its identity with that of the voltaic pile. It also furnishes a new distinction between the properties of the positive and negative fluids. Negative electricity rapidly blackens the prepared papers. Positive electricity restores to white the papers blackened by light or by negative electricity.

M. Pedroni, jun., communicated that he had discovered by accident a new mode of preparing azotous acid (azotite of the oxide of ethyl). Emptying a residue of sulphuric ether, alcoholised and boiling, into a flask containing crystallised azotate of ammonia, reaction took place, and an odour of azotous ether was given off. The proportions for the process are, azotate of ammonia, 9 gr.; sulphuric acid, 8; and alcohol, 9. Mix the two latter, and pour on the salt; distil as ordinarily for water: sulphate of ammonia is formed—the azotic acid in the nascent state combining with the alcohol, and forming azotide of the oxide of ethyl, aldehyd, and water. In the preparation of azotous ether from alcohol and azotic acid, the operation can only be conducted in small quantities, because of the almost instantaneous production of ether; with the nascent azotic acid no such formation can occur—the operation goes on regularly and successfully.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Oct. 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—The Rev. J. B. Gabriel, St. Edmund Hall; G. G. Perry, fellow of Lincoln College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Sir C. A. Bishop, Bart., Merton Coll., grand compounding; W. Leavy, St. Edmund Hall; H. Gardiner, Magdalen Hall; H. Harris, St. John's College.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—W. Wickes, G. T. Warner, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Bagley, Queen's College; T. H. Hotham, Jesus Coll.; J. C. Knott, Christ's Coll.; W. Nuttal, Queen's College; T. A. Pope, Jesus Coll.; R. A. Suckling, Caius College; L. F. Thomas, Queen's College.

The *Italian Scientific Meeting* at Lucca has been attended by upwards of 400 distinguished literati and men of science. The Prince of Canino presided over the zoological, and Prince Louis, his brother, took part in the chemical section. We learn from a letter in the *Dublin Evening Mail* that Sir Wm. Betham's *Etruria Celtaica* (see reviews in *Literary Gazette*, Nos. 1347, 1348, 1350, 1354) had attracted much attention. The Prince of Canino, at one of the meetings, stated that it was a favourite notion of his late father (Lucien Bonaparte) that the Etruscan was Celtic, which opinion was also held by many other learned men of Italy; but hitherto they possessed no means of ascertaining the fact. Now, however, it has been satisfactorily established by Sir William Betham; and all lovers of ancient history must take a great interest in it; but Italy more than any other country, because it will further develop those treasures of Etruscan literature and antiquities, which the excavations beneath her surface have already brought, and are daily bringing, to light. The prince proposed an adjournment of his section to the house of a member, where Senor Livriati translated and explained several passages of the *Etruria Celtaica* to the venerable Ingherami, Valeriani, Vermiglioli, and others, who have so long laboured in the fields of Etruscan literature without any clue to the meaning of the inscriptions, which now fortunately being supplied, gives a double zest to their labours. Prince Louis Bonaparte declared his intention of studying the Irish language.

FINE ARTS.

Curious Invention for discovering Metals at the bottom of the Water.—Lieut. Ramslett, of the Russian navy, has made this important discovery. He finds if there is any kind of metal at the bottom of the sea or in rivers, by means of a galvanic pile, of which the two isolated conductors are directed to the bottom of the water, where they are brought close together, without coming into absolute contact. When the inferior extremities of these metallic threads touch a metal, it puts them into communication, and establishes a galvanic current in the conductors, the existence of which is made manifest to the observer by the declination of a compass placed under one of the threads. When this is ascertained, it is easy, by means of a needle, which can be slid down to the point intimated, to tell whether the metal is iron. The application of this discovery to archaeology is much dwelt upon; as by its application, like soundings, in the rivers of the vast old Roman empire, it will readily appear where and what treasures of metallic art are imbedded there. It reminds us of the remarkable practice of finding out mines by the use of a divining-rod.

China Illustrated. Vol. I. 4to. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS is one of Messrs. Fisher's beautiful works, so opportunely designed to meet the wishes of the public, and so well calculated to gratify a new and natural curiosity. A sealed empire has been opened to us in commerce and the arts; and abundance of materials are being ra-

pidly developed, to inform us accurately about things respecting which we have so long puzzled and wondered. The Chinese Exhibition has whetted our appetite for more; and fortunate will the adventurer be who can first introduce to us a living bevy of illustrious strangers from the celestial regions. The two ladies who did visit us were courteously and hospitably received some years ago; and we remember with what delight they laughed at the fall of a tree in the park, crowned with crows' nests and full of young rooks. The screams and noise they and their anxious parents made when the tree tumbled, threw the fair Chinese into ecstasies; and their little feet could hardly sustain their rocking bodies in an upright position, so shaken were they by their cachinnations. We do not say that we could entertain all the natives who come to us, in the same manner; but we would do our best to amuse and please them.

But this episode has nothing ado with the very handsome volume before us, magnificently clothed in scarlet and gold, and adorned with no fewer than thirty-two excellent engravings, drawn from authentic sketches by the able pencil of Thomas Allom. The subjects are various and interesting, both as regards the late war and the social state and manners of China abroad and at home. We look for the continuation in parts and volumes with much satisfaction; and meantime cordially recommend the publication as far as it has gone, and especially in this its complete and elegant form. The historical and descriptive letter-press is by the Rev. G. N. Wright, and collected from many sources, ancient and modern. It concludes, on the authority of Mr. Lay, by eulogising Chinese buildings for English country-seats; a piece of grotesque absurdity from which we dissent *toto*, i. e. *toto Celestiali*.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—A house crowded in every part on Wednesday evening welcomed to the English stage. Donizetti's opera *The Favourite*, which was completely successful. This was owing as much perhaps to the magnificence with which the management had thought fit to invest the accessories, and to the excellence of the *divertissement* introduced, as to the pleasing character of the music. The opera alone would not have carried the audience unwearyed to the termination; sameness and plagiarism of the composer's older works would have palled on the ear, had the mind been wholly directed to that sense, and unrelied by the gratification which the fine scenery, the rich dresses, and the graceful dances presented to the eye. The music, however, throughout is of the most pleasing kind, with some airs of remarkable sweetness, elegantly accompanied: the choruses also partake largely of the softness which distinguishes this opera more than almost any other of the composer's; we may notice, as especially attractive, the one by the courtiers in the fourth part. The burden of the opera devolves on the tenor, which was sustained by Mr. Templeton with an excellent conception of the part, and that conception worked with the most careful attention; yet the performance was unequal. The defects were in organ alone; and many delicate passages were executed with a taste which almost covered the deficiency of voice. Miss Romer, too, was not physically equal to the loud and passionate scenes of anguish and despair; nevertheless, towards the close of the opera she gave an energetic and well-studied version of the cha-

racter of *Leonora*, the "Favourite." Mr. Leffler performed his disagreeable (not musically) portion of the composition very faithfully and well. Mr. Borroni on this occasion entered on his new engagement, with every promise of success: his voice is a bass of good quality, and carefully cultivated. Miss Collett and Mr. G. Hornastle sang subordinate parts efficiently. We have not meddled with the story, which is not the most agreeable, but quite the reverse. The whole of the scenery, painted by the Grievous, is very fine, and strikingly so the concluding scene of the monastery and cloisters of San Jachimo by moonlight. The *divertissement* in the second part was, generally, pretty; but the "*pas de la Favorite*," by Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi and M. Petipa, was most elegant and attractive—full of beautiful attitude. The *danses* exhibited extraordinary power and precision, agility, ease, grace, and modesty withal: we have never seen her to such advantage. She was admirably supported by M. Petipa. *My Wife's Come*, a new farce, followed: it was not very new, nor very smartly written, take it all in all, but it was excessively well acted, and therefore deservedly well received.

Covet Garden.—The appearance of this theatre on Thursday evening, for *London Assurance*, by express desire, and a new interlude by Mr. Morton, with *A Roland for an Oliver*, was truly dismal—almost empty boxes, and a pit not nearly half filled. In spite, however, of the chill that such desertion brings to the temperament of an old playgoer, we were warmed to hearty laughter with the droll humour and "slight mistakes" of Keeley. Upon him depends the gist of the little piece, and he made it tell admirably. A most benevolent pry is Mr. Thomas Paternoster, and meddling in all matters, but only with the best intent to farther the affairs of his neighbours. All he does is wrong, and, as he says, a slight mistake, because every body is so monstrously mysterious, and nobody tells him anything. The manner in which he slinks away, when conviction of error is breaking on his mind, is irresistibly comic. That *Slight Mistakes* will take with every one is no mistake.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

IRELAND: TRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

GLENGARIFF (i. e. the rough glen) is indeed a scene of indescribable beauty, and merits well the poetical description in Mr. and Mrs. Hall's *Week at Killarney*.^{*} On a lovely morning, with nature in harmony, and combining almost every sublime and beautiful feature of landscape, it is hardly possible to conceive aught more refreshing and elevating to the human mind. But it is Ireland, and there are deductions and drawbacks! The inn (perhaps owing to its crowded state) was not so comfortable nor well supplied with conveniences as might be expected in a place of such resort: the sum of five pounds would furnish every addition required, instead of roughing it with substitutes for candlesticks, glasses, basins, shakedowns, &c. &c. Then the miserable beggars who beset the door seemed more wretched than elsewhere, from the contrast of the inanimate creation. We had heard too, that farther to the west the coast was so wild, that the dwellers thereon more resembled natives of the South Sea Islands than inhabitants of shores within a few hours' journey from the civilised

* See last *Literary Gazette* for reference to this handsome volume, which will accompany us forward.—Ed. L. G.

cities and bounds of the British empire; that the English tongue was hardly intelligible to them; that they ran to vessels in their crazy skiffs to barter like savages, and would prefer bits of tobacco to money,—we had heard this, and guess our astonishment on looking out upon the placid and smiling bay, to see a boat navigated by a single naked man upon the prow, pushing it along with a pole, and exactly reminding us of a picture in Cook's or Anson's voyages. On inquiry as to the meaning of so startling a sight, we were told that the boatman had "swum off to bring his boat in from where he had moored it last tide." The accident was, however, curious enough, as coinciding with our previous accounts of the habits of the people. But it may be observed that utter nudity is by no means uncommon on the roads of Ireland, though certainly confined to junior planters. In morning travelling it was quite usual to see children from two to four years old at the hotel-doors, as naked as when they were born; and, sooth to say, plump and well-looking urchins, not a whit more ashamed of it than at the original period referred to.

Leaving Glengariff for Kenmare, the road at first on ascending, passes by (with a way for pedestrians through) Lord Bantry's charming cottage and grounds; commanding one of the sweetest views in the world. All along the first stage the rocks are scored with moraine legends of the glacier theory; and after descending through the passes and tunnels of the Esk Mountain, which belongs to the range separating Cork from Kerry, the whole district bears such evident marks of improved cultivation, as to excite something like wonder at the change; for the soil is naturally wild, rocky, and barren. We found that it was the estate of a great absentee landlord, the Marquess of Lansdowne. Would that all the country were equally well farmed! But, generally speaking, the appearance of the arable land throughout these two southern counties is deplorable in the extreme. The principal crops are rag-weed and thistles; and the population are only human rag-weeds. Draining (without which nothing worth while can ever be raised) is an almost unknown system; and manuring seems to be limited to the lordship of the filthiest composts of dungheaps, close to the door, or place where doo should be, of every dilapidated hut, or apology for a "cabin"—Heaven bless the mark! Through these muddens (O for another work such as Miss Hamilton's *Cottagers of Glenburnie* to induce a reform!) every inhabitant of the dwelling tramps in dry weather without much soil, and when the wet prevails they have stepping-stones across, as in brooks; so that the offal of the abode, the production and leavings of the pig or pigs, and the careful scrapings of dung from the road, are left to ferment without being so much disturbed by human feet as in the summer season. And this is the necessity of life to "the finest pisantry;" for it is the source of plenty in their potato-crops, on which family and pigs depend for subsistence. It is melancholy, even round about public or parochial schools, to see such accumulations of dirt, and the adjoining fields yellow with rag-weed or fleecy with thistle-down. How would Mrs. Gilbert, with her school at Eastbourne, grieve to witness such a want of economy and industry—grieve to witness the ground overrun with weeds, which the well-directed pastime-labour of the children in these schools for an hour a day would convert into abundance,—into employment for the idle and food for the starving! Thoughts of this kind do not occur in Ireland. A misery misery is one of the most obvious characteristics

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London city we had come,
By Western Railway travell'd,
Had steam'd down mucky Avon's stream,
And Severn's course unravell'd;
And when we came to Cove of Cork,
Soft whisper'd my friend Barney,
"Now, darlin', when ye're sing in port,
Sure won't ye visit Blarney?"

Le Irishmen skibbereen,
Ferocious for repealing,
Go back to Blarney, 'tis their own—
Each Paddy to his dwelling!
Philosophers of A B C
May join them—they are many!
Erin has sweater sights for me—
I will not go to Blarney!

There's Gougane Barra, Keim-an-Eigh,
Both lying right before us;
And Macroom, where, by ivied gate,
The ragged bairns in chorus;
There's wild Glengariff's rocks and bay,
And lovely, dear Killarney!
Why throw away a needful day.
To go in search of Blarney?

What's Blarney but a ruin bare,
With an old stone upon it?
As long as there are maidens fair
I'll waste no kisses on it!"

Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn,
Astonish'd was friend Barney:
"What you," said he, "of Section C,
And thus to speak of Blarney!"

"O, green," said I, "are learned men,
Deceived by blarney flowing;
The buttercup we used to cult,
But now we'll leave it growing.
Once flattery seem'd to council-men
The object of their journey,
But now they're growing wise again,
And leaving off their blarney."

* And barefooted also; which produced us a piece of Irish ready-witted reply. "Why don't you wear shoes?" said a traveller to a pretty girl, who was liltting along without these appendages of dress. "Because I love my liberty too well (she answered) to put my toes into gaol!"—*Ed. L. G.*

* The rhymes *lo*, are neither so good nor so abundant as the reasons for, "Blarney;" for, except "Killarney," which seems to have been so called on purpose to prove the rule by the exception, there is not one legitimate. Our bard, therefore, has had greater difficulties to contend against than even the laureate Wordsworth, in his "Yarrow Revisited."—*Ed. L. G.*

* See note in next column.

of the mass. A perpetual grin adorns the most meagre and sallow countenances—not always a grin of mirth. In the women, it is caused by the want of cover over the eyes and their bareheaded exposure to the sun. It has thus become national, and the men inherit it from their mothers. It has reached the upper and well-clothed ranks of society, and is often a deduction from Irish beauty. With generally fine eyes, the mouths, and from proximity, the noses, are nearer models of the ugly than the graceful. And now that we are noticing the human form divine, we may observe, that with admirable bust, the insertion of their waists into their haunches, and the shape of their limbs, are not among the most superlative attractions of the Hiberno-Celtic female. As a race they possess other noble features and virtues, to which we shall hereafter allude; but at present leave off reflections, and hie on for Killarney. Kenmare is a clean, rising, well-built town (thanks again to Lord Lansdowne); but the inn woefully deficient in supplies, even of bread and butter. From this dearth we get forward to Killarney by dinner-time, and find the entrance by this route very little favourable to the first impressions of the justly celebrated Lakes; for, after Glengariff, the view of the upper lake is poor, and the glimpses of the lower waters slight and unsatisfactory. One must be upon them to appreciate their varied and multiplied beauties; but before we enjoy that pleasure we must (in order of time) insert a delicious composition, entitled

BLARNEY UNVISITED.
By a Member of the British Association.

From London city we had come,
By Western Railway travell'd,
Had steam'd down mucky Avon's stream,
And Severn's course unravell'd;

And when we came to Cove of Cork,
Soft whisper'd my friend Barney,

"Now, darlin', when ye're sing in port,
Sure won't ye visit Blarney?"

Le Irishmen skibbereen,
Ferocious for repealing,

Go back to Blarney, 'tis their own—

Each Paddy to his dwelling!

Philosophers of A B C

May join them—they are many!

Erin has sweater sights for me—

I will not go to Blarney!

There's Gougane Barra, Keim-an-Eigh,

Both lying right before us;

And Macroom, where, by ivied gate,

The ragged bairns in chorus;

There's wild Glengariff's rocks and bay,

And lovely, dear Killarney!

Why throw away a needful day.

To go in search of Blarney?

What's Blarney but a ruin bare,

With an old stone upon it?

As long as there are maidens fair

I'll waste no kisses on it!"

Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn,

Astonish'd was friend Barney:

"What you," said he, "of Section C,

And thus to speak of Blarney!"

"O, green," said I, "are learned men,

Deceived by blarney flowing;

The buttercup we used to cult,

But now we'll leave it growing.

Once flattery seem'd to council-men

The object of their journey,

But now they're growing wise again,

And leaving off their blarney."

Let Cockney sages kind exchange
In *voirs* mild their butter.*
And reverence as new and strange
All that big wigs may utter.
A nobler field 'tis ours to try
In scientific tournaments;

At York next year we'll break a spear,
Provided there's no blarney.

Be Blarney-stone unseen, unknown,
Unkiss'd, or we shall rue it:

We have an idol of our own

In Cork—then why go to it?

The treasured dreams of sunny eyes,

The rambles by Killarney,

Are visions we too dearly prize

To mingle them with Blarney.

If *Times* with freezing words should come,
And meetings scat as folly,

Too lazy, then, to stir from home,

Too stupid to be jolly?

When brains are dull and cash is low

One thought will soothe, dear Barney:

Here is no need from town to go,

*If one's in want of blarney!**

We are charmed with this contribution; it is the undoubted composition of what they call in Ireland a "top sawyer," who, they further say by way of riddle, is like "a lawyer;" which being expounded means, that "the moment he begins, it is down with your dust!"

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR
LONDON ONE LIE!

LESSON XLI.
Sculpture in Perfection.

Aunt Margery. It is a painful thing to have to mix the tricks of refining and elevating Art with the tricks of trade; but I hope you remember enough of the exhibitions to which I have taken you to go along with me in the exposure.

Both. Oh, indeed, yes.

Aunt M. Consider that bust, then. On the surface, if you examine it closely, you can discover many spots so like the marble that they can only be detected by a keen eye.

Pri. Some are transparent and some opaque.

Aunt M. These small holes are full of sand in the block of marble, which sand, as the chisel passes over, crumbles out, and leaves the flaws apparent.

Phi. A marble small-pox.

Aunt M. These pits, then, must be filled up, or the work of portraiture would be spoilt.

Pri. How is it done?

Aunt M. Those opaque spots are filled with borax, melted in a vessel of silver or gold, commonly in a silver spoon over the flame of a candle or lamp. The bust or statue seems perfect; but in time the borax washes out, especially in statuary exposed to the weather, and leaves the original holes, even if they were on the most delicate or expressive feature of the countenance.

Pri. And the others?

Aunt M. The dark transparent spots are holes filled with white wax, equally or more perishable.

Pri. But I noticed some busts exceedingly transparent altogether.

Aunt M. These have been waxed all over, and a completely felonious deception. It makes very common marble appear to be of the most valuable kind, and gives the semblance of purity, hardness, and transparency, to soft stone.

* The 'buttercup' and 'butter' may allude to the too prevalent practice, at all sorts of meetings, of bepraising people to their face, till they ought to blush like peonies. We once knew a society cured of this vice, by inventing a "butterboat rampant" as their club crest; and whenever any member forgot himself so far as to begin buttering another, the magic words, "Pass the butterboat," put an end to the folly.—*Ed. L. G.*

Pri. This is a sad fraud, and must be difficult to execute.

Aunt M. By no means. The statue (say) is heated to a certain temperature in an oven, and then rubbed all over with white wax, which produces the required effect. But there is another and still more unworthy way of producing this appearance: it is to wash the work with *diluted nitric acid*, which has an advantage over the waxy process, as it adds great brilliancy to the shadows, and makes the marble look highly finished, when, in fact, it is but too often used to conceal slovenly execution. In time the acid bites into the surface of the stone, and gives it a curious appearance.

Pri. Really you seem to know a great many of these secrets of the studio.

Aunt M. It is only among the unworthy professors of the art that such deceit is practised upon their unwary patrons. The studio of a real artist and gentleman has no secrets.

Pri. What is the price of a bust?

Aunt M. That depends much upon the station and reputation of the sculptor. According to these, it may vary from fifty to two hundred and fifty guineas.

Phi. That is a large sum, only fit for sovereigns and very great people.

Aunt M. It was, I have heard, the sum paid to the late Sir F. Chantrey by our Queen.

Pri. How naturally the drapery folds; it looks almost like a *petrified cloth*!

Aunt M. And such is almost the case. After the head and shoulders are modelled, it is no uncommon practice to throw a wetted linen over the figure, which being cast in plaster may save the artist a world of thought and labour in folding and refolding, and serve not only for the business in hand, but, to the idle, for a model in time to come.

Pri. This is poor doing: no invention—no genius.

Aunt M. Yet look at a few exhibitions, and you cannot help observing the trick. I have seen half a dozen busts all draped in the same way.

Pri. Are there any other devices to be expounded?

Aunt M. On what ought to be so lofty and pure every speck is a wrong. The trickery of casting instead of modelling has been carried to an extent little honourable to the art.

Phi. The end may justify the means.

Aunt M. No; but the production of *original* modern works, by joining parts from the antique together, is yet more reprehensible.

Pri. True fame is not to be gathered in that way.

Aunt M. It is but carpentry. Draped figures are copied without the drapery, and nude figures are copied and then draped upon the *hide-rope* (or wet sheet) system. Many celebrated figures of antiquity are thus metamorphosed, and boasted as originals, with slight alterations of the arms and heads, the servile copyists rarely venturing to meddle with the legs or trunk.

Phi. If true, 'tis pity!

Aunt M. It is but too true; but I have now only to add, that when a block of marble is white and chalky, the figure is made to assume a warm tone or tint by being washed over with a preparation of tobacco-water, instead of which wine is sometimes employed. The effect of either is to give richness and mellowness to what would be otherwise cold and unnatural chalkiness.

Pri. It ought to be chalked up wheresoever discovered.

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him in consequence of the author's desire that it should be received
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instant. All the extracts which the reviewer gives had before ap-
peared in the *Athenaeum*, and the author, I suppose, who is mentioned
in that paper, is in every instance mis-spelt. It is to be con-
cluded, therefore, that the writer had never seen the volume; and I
doubtless the article in question as a piece of literary imposture.

BOLTON CORNEY.

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